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RICHARD PETERS



Vol. XI. JULY, 1908. No. 9.

Published Monthly at Salt Lake City by the General Board
\$2.00 PER ANNUM

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IMPROVEMENT ERA, JULY, 1908.

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IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. XI.

JULY, 1908.

No. 9.

DESTINY AND FATE.

BY DR. JAMES E. TALMAGE, F. R. S. E.

There are people who call themselves fatalists. They profess a belief in destiny, and so resign themselves to whatever happens as the inexorable decree of fate.

They carry this belief to such an extreme as to declare that man is the mere puppet and tool of unseen influences: that he is utterly unable to control or change the conditions of his life; that he will live his allotted days in spite of neglect of health or of rash exposure to danger; that he will die when his time comes, whatever he may do to escape injury or to stay the ravages of disease.

Like all other fads and foibles of human fancy, this extreme conception is unreasonable, unscriptural, and untrue. It has not even the element of novelty to excuse it; it is a survival or a revival of ideas current in the days of ancient mythology, when a deity, good or evil, was supposed to rule in every human act or undertaking. The oriental kismet typified the spirit of fate, from whose influence there was no escape, than whom there was no greater power.

This conception of the operations of supernatural control in mortal life is so thoroughly foreign to the spirit of the gospel

IMPROVEMENT ERA.

that it can scarcely be thought to find a place in the heart or mind of any Latter-day Saint. One of the greatest of the Father's gifts to his mortal children is the endowment of individual agency, and the right of choice. We may choose the path of danger, or that of safety; we may invite accident by recklessness; we may bring upon ourselves illness through disregard of the laws of health; we may shorten our lives, and indeed may invoke speedy death by disobedience to the Lord's requirements; to say nothing of the dread power displayed in the suicide's awful crime.

The fact that many of the events of our lives are inexplicable is no proof that blind and remorseless fate controls. In spite of all precautions, accidents of violence may invade our lives; the most scrupulous care of which we are capable may not insure against attacks of disease; yet who can affirm that this proves the uselessness of care and prudence, or that the accident or illness may not have been averted?

As we reject the belief of the fatalist, so do we deny the element of chance in human affairs. There is no effect without its natural cause. When disease assails us there is a rational explanation of the attack, whether we are able to discover it or not. With all our care we may unwittingly expose ourselves to contagion and become its victim. The wise man will watch well his ways, seeking the paths of safety; and should duty call him to face danger or incur risk, he will take every proper precaution and employ every reasonable safeguard. And then if illness or other calamity befall, he knows that these conditions have come upon him in the path of his duty, and he can exercise his faith to the full, and with assurance can petition the throne of the Great Healer.

There is a power supreme in the life of every man—the power of Divine Providence, adapting itself to the conditions of the individual life—far different from the arbitrary compelling of inevitable fate, equally unlike the happenings of fickle chance.

True it is that by divine direction we come into our probation in the flesh. It is in accordance with a pre-ordained plan that some have been born to mortality in one epoch of the world's history, and others at other times. It is no mere chance that has determined the birth of some during ages of spiritual darkness, and that of others in the sunlight of the dispensation of the ful-

ness of times. Neither is it chance that one spirit is tabernacled in a negro body, another clothed in the red skin of a Lamanite, yet another under Mongolian yellow; and some in the white and delightful covering of the Caucasian.

Just how far the individual spirit has had a determining choice as to time of birth and the conditions of mortal existence, we may not know; enough has been revealed, however, to prove a direct relation between our present life and the life that preceded this—the conditions in what we call our primeval childhood. So, too, the life that follows will be the result of our achievements, be they good or ill, in this state of mortality.

We recognize an average duration of individual life; we speak of the allotted age of man; we regard death as a part of the divine plan, as natural and as inevitable as is birth. In a general way, therefore, there is a time appointed unto man to die; that is to say, the duration of a life is limited; and inasmuch as there is a condition of age beyond which we do not live, as we approach old age we approach the grave. It is natural for man to live to old age, and then to die. This will be the rule under the blessed conditions of the millennium. We read concerning this period of promise: "There shall be no more thence an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his days: for the child shall die an hundred years old" (Isaiah 65: 20; see also Doc. and Cov. 101: 30). At present, however, premature death is of everyday occurrence. Children die before they have learned to prattle the language of earth; youths and maidens in their years of greatest promise; men and women in the days of their prime—all are gathered in by the grim reaper. Death appears to be no respecter of age.

"Leaves have their times to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath;
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"

We may not, indeed we cannot, fathom the purposes of Omniscience in thus permitting the onslaught of death in lives yet but partly spent. As to every premature death there must be a direct and determining cause, as in deaths from the decrepitude of age there is a general cause. Nevertheless, the question of individual

guilt or of specific neglect as a cause may not be determinable by mortal minds. We may rest assured that in the justice of an Eternal God no soul will suffer deprivation in the hereafter from an earthly death due to causes over which that soul had no influence or control. Should a life be cut short by accident or disease, met in the path of duty, or by the stroke of a murderer's hand, the soul thus hurried into eternity will lose nothing because it is the victim of neglect or design on the part of others.

Are the days of one's life numbered, and is each appointed to die at a time prescribed? In a general way, yes; specifically, no. That is to say, it is the order of nature that every one shall die; and as physical powers weaken and expire with advancing age, it is unquestionably natural that the weakness of declining age is the precursor of natural dissolution or death. Many die in early years, and in each case death is the natural result of physical conditions operating as a natural cause.

But beyond all this we must recognize the fact that in individual cases special intervention of a power far above that of earth is possible. We read in the records of olden time that Hezekiah, king of Judah, was notified of his impending death. Isaiah, the son of Amoz, a prophet of the Lord, came to the king, saying, "Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die" (see II Kings, 20). We read that the king petitioned the Lord, and as a result the prophet came again into the royal presence with this message: "Thus saith the Lord, the God of David thy father, I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears: behold, I will heal thee: on the third day thou shalt go up unto the house of the Lord. And I will add unto thy days fifteen years" (verses 5, 6). Have we not here an instance of a life extended through prayer and faith, even after a specific determination of the time of death? This example is to be regarded as one of special intervention and divine direction, both as to the time of death as first appointed, and as to the extension of life.

In view of the possibility of divine intent and special purpose in any individual life, we often hear the elders of the Church, in administering to the sick, pronounce the blessing of recovery and prolonged life, provided the afflicted one be not appointed unto death (see Doc. and Cov. 42: 48). This proviso assumes the pos-

sibility that for purposes known to Omniscience, but unknown to man, souls may be appointed to die as to the body, and that in these as in all other matters, not our wish but the will of God may be realized.

A particular passage of modern scripture demands consideration in this connection. In a revelation given in Jackson County, Missouri, August, 1831, the Lord said: "And in nothing doth man offend God, or against none is his wrath kindled, save those who confess not his hand in all things, and obey not his commandments" (Doc. and Cov. 59: 21).

It is an extreme interpretation of this scripture to claim therefrom that whatever happens is a direct result of the Lord's will. It is both unreasonable and unscriptural to assert that all existing conditions of society are in accordance with the Divine will. Is it possible that the will, the wish, the purpose of God are responsible for the vice and crime that rule in certain sections of human abode?

Think you it is God's will that man shall rob his brother? No! He has declared, "Thou shalt not steal."

Is it the will of God that one shall slay his brother? No! The Lord has decreed, "Thou shalt not kill."

Is it the Lord's will that men shall tempt and women entice to crime against the person and against society? Nay! Hath he not said, "Thou shalt not commit adultery?"

To attribute existing conditions to the direct will of God is to make the Almighty responsible for dishonesty, lying, thievery, adultery, murder, and for every crime possible to man.

The Lord is no party to sin; hath he not said that upon sin he can look with no degree of allowance? Mercy may be extended to the sinner, yet for sin there is no allowance.

How then can we confess or acknowledge the hand of God in all things? By acknowledging the divine power to overrule all occurrences or happenings to bring about eventual good! The Lord is supreme; he is the Omnipotent. In respect to the divinely bestowed birthright of man, personal agency is not to be denied or annulled even by the Giver. If a man be determined to follow the course of vice and sin, it is the will of God that he be left to meet and suffer the consequences of his choice.

In the dread disasters of accident, pestilence, fire and earthquake, it is the will of God that under existing circumstances and conditions the sequence of natural cause and effect be not interfered with by any direct interposition.

We acknowledge the power divine by recognizing the power of immediate and direct intervention, and likewise the right to leave all to the natural course of events.

To attribute vice, sin, and crime to the Almighty as part of his will and pleasure is blasphemy. To acknowledge the power of God to overrule all things, so that they contribute to the general advancement of truth and godliness, is the part of every dutiful child of the Eternal Father.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

HAPPINESS.

(For the Improvement Era.)

The purest happiness the heart can know,
Is felt by lessening another's woe.

They who some dreary life hath made more bright,
Hath gained a glimpse of heaven's glorious light.

And, oh! so many souls there are that need
The grasp of friendly hand, and kindly deed.

Hearts hungry for a human word of love,
To help them reach the heavenly courts above.

Then let us live to bring mankind more joy;
Our meed will be pure gold, not earth's alloy,

That metal which the world's false lips call gold,
That oft makes man grow small and cruel and cold.

GRACE INGLES FROST.

Waterloo, Utah.

PATRICK HENRY'S FORUM.

BY B. H. ROBERTS.

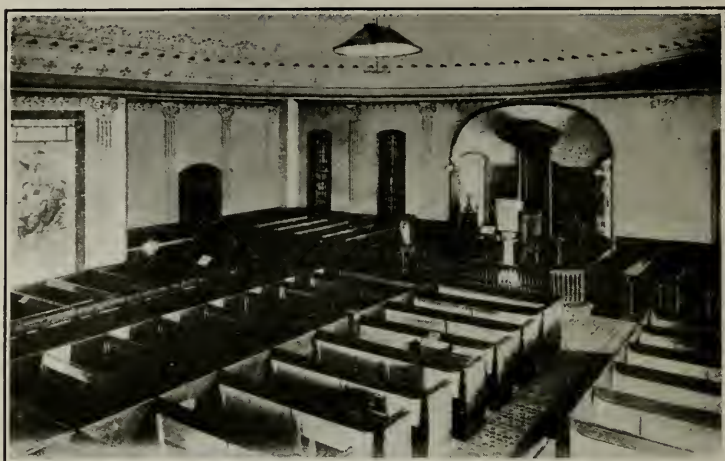
Ever does natural beauty steal in like air and envelop great actions.

So said Emerson, many years ago, in his essay on "Beauty;" and he gave many illustrations of the statement, among which was Leonidas and his three hundred Greek martyrs who consumed one day in dying; Arnold Winkelried, in the high Alps gathering in his side a sheath of Austrian spears to break the Austrian line for his comrades; Columbus, approaching the shores of America—the savages fleeing out of their huts—the sea behind, the purple mountains, the Indian Archipelago around—the New World cloth-



St. John's Church.
Patrick Henry's Forum, Richmond, Va.

ing the bold navigator with "her palm groves and Savannahs as a fitting drapery." There can be no question but that these illustrations sustain the statement of the great essayist; but also holds that even in "private places," among sordid objects, an act of truth or heroism seems at once to draw to itself the "sky as its temple, the sun as its candle." But here it should be remembered that it is the "act of truth or heroism" which lends charm, and interest to the scene, rather than that the "private places" or "sordid objects" contribute anything to the act. It is vain to think that every act of truth or heroism has its best possible setting either in natural or man-created environment. But such is

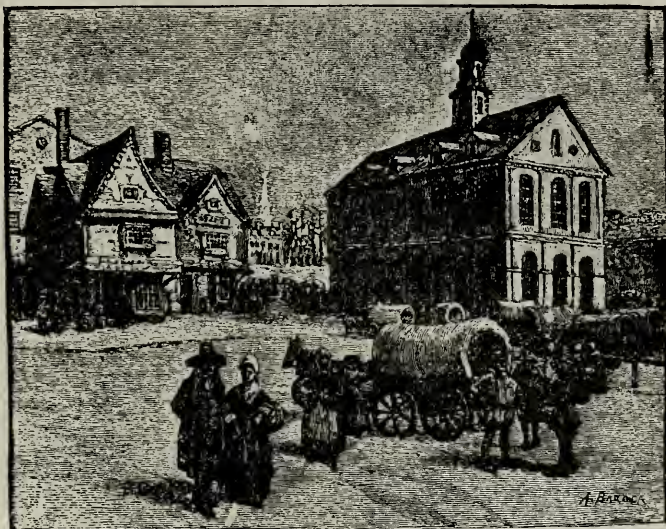


Interior Patrick Henry's Forum.

the sanctifying power of an "act of truth or heroism" that it imparts even to private places and sordid objects in which it may occur, a calm or even grandeur which will not pass away; but in some sort makes of it sanctified and holy ground.

Some such reflections as these were awakened on the occasion of a visit something over a year ago to the rather unpretentious St. John's Church in the city of Richmond, Virginia. This little church is one of America's temples of liberty, worthy to be remembered in connection with Faneuil Hall, Boston; Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia; and also Independence Hall, Philadelphia; for here,

too, in the Revolutionary period of United States history were displayed heroism and statesmanship in the cause of American—nay, human—liberty, which make this unpretentious church building a shrine. I have ventured to call it Patrick Henry's Forum, because its chief interest is connected with his name and his work. It stands upon one of the many hills on which Richmond, like another Rome, is situated, overlooking the St. James river, "Church Hill," in fact, and is rather apart from the immediate business

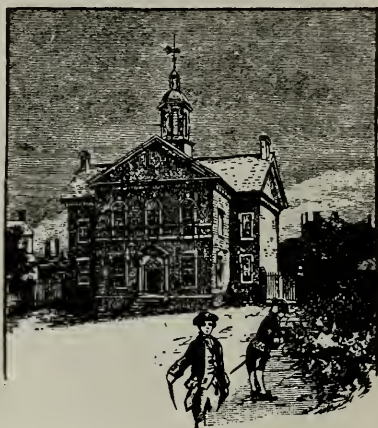


Faneuil Hall, 1763.

centre of the city. The structure, even with the belfry tower and the wing on the west, added since it was used as the meeting place of the Virginia patriots of 1775, is unpretentious; how much more so when it consisted only of the plain, four-cornered frame structure of the east part, which now forms the back part of the church, and only about eighteen by thirty-six feet in its dimensions! Still, humble and plain as it is when thus reduced to its dimensions of 1775, I venture to offer it as a shrine of liberty to the readers of the ERA.

The royal governor of Virginia, Dunmore, on the 15th day of May, 1774, dissolved, as will be remembered, the colonial assem-

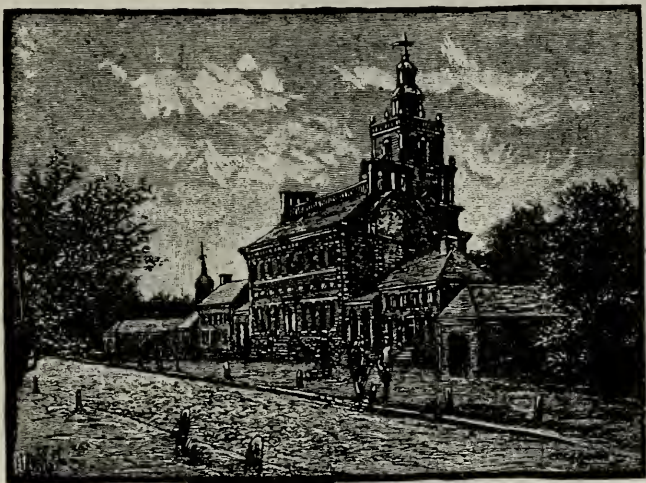
bly of Virginia, for having the day previous set apart the first day of June of the year named, as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, for the purpose of devoutly imploring "the divine interposition for diverting the heavy calamity which threatened the destruction of the civil rights, and bringing on the evils of civil war in British America." All of which the House of Burgesses saw foreshadowed in the hostile invasion of the city of Boston by the royal soldiery. Holding up a paper before the assembled delegates, Lord Dunmore said: "I have in my hand a paper published by order of your House conceived in such terms as reflect highly upon His Majesty and the Parliament of Great Britain, which makes it necessary to dissolve you, and you are dissolved accordingly." The members of the House, as is well known, withdrew to the Raleigh Tavern in Williamsburg, and formed themselves into a committee to consider the most expedient and necessary measures against the encroachments of arbitrary power which threatened them. They adopted a spirited address, and appointed a committee of correspondence to confer with like committees



Carpenter's Hall,
Where the First Congress met.

in the several colonies of British America, to take up the question of the expediency of appointing deputies in the several colonies to meet in a General Congress annually, or as should be thought most convenient. This resulted ultimately in the creation of the old Continental Congress which met on 4th of September, 1774, in Carpenter's Hall, in the city of Philadelphia, and of which Peyton Randolph of Virginia was chosen president, and of which Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, George Washington, Richard Bland, Benjamin Harrison, and Henry Pendleton were deputies from Virginia. The wisdom and moderation of this Continental Congress have passed into history. The most important action was the adop-

tion of a "Bill of Rights," "A Petition to the King of England," "An Address to the People of Great Britain," written by John Jay, and another to the several Anglo-American colonies, written by William Livingston. It was of this body of patriots that the Earl of Chatham in the British House of Lords said: "I must declare and avow, that in all my reading and study of history (and it has been my favorite study—I have read Thucydides, and have studied and admired the master states of the world) that for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of circumstances, no nation or body of

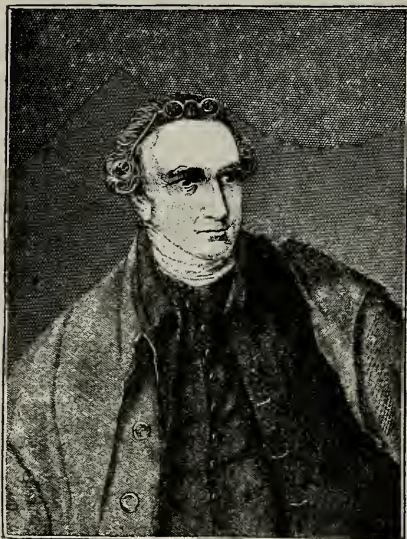


Independence Hall, 1776.

men can stand in preference to the General Congress of Philadelphia."

Now to return to Virginia and Patrick Henry's Forum. It was on Monday, the 20th of March, 1775, that the convention of delegates from the several counties and corporations of Virginia met in St. John's Church described herein. In the main the convention was optimistic in sentiment as to reconciliation with Great Britain, and the maintenance of the rights of British American subjects. There had been given what was considered a gracious acceptance of the "Petition to the King;" and pro-American

sentiment seemed never stronger in Parliament than at that time. On both sides of the Atlantic there appeared to subsist a strong desire for a return of that friendly intercourse between Great Britain and her American colonies from which both countries had derived so much of prosperity and happiness. After its organization in the little church, the convention proceeded to express its approval of the course taken by the Continental Congress, and expressed the warmest thanks of all the inhabitants of the colony of Virginia to the worthy delegates who had so faithfully



Patrick Henry.

discharged the important duties and trust reposed in them. Mr. Henry, however, was not a sharer of the optimistic views of the convention. His biographer holds that he "saw things with a steadier eye and a deeper insight" than other delegates. "His judgment was too solid to be duped by appearances," he goes on to say, "and his heart too firm and manly to be amused by false and flattering hopes. He had long since read the true character of the British court, and saw that

no alternative remained for his country but abject submission or heroic resistance." Three days, therefore, after the convention met, he introduced the following resolutions for a well regulated militia for the colony of Virginia:

Resolved that a well-regulated militia, composed of gentlemen and yeomen, is the natural strength and only security of a free government; that such a militia in this colony would forever render it unnecessary for the mother country to keep among us, for the purpose of defense, any standing army of mercenary soldiers, always subversive of the quiet, and dangerous to the liberties, of the people, and would obviate the pretext of taxing us for their support.

That the establishment of such militia is, at this time, peculiarly necessary,

by the state of our laws, for the protection and defense of the country, some of which are already expired, and others will shortly be so: and that the known remissness of government in calling us together in legislative capacity, renders it too insecure, in this time of danger and distress; to rely that opportunity will be given of renewing them, in general assembly, or making any provision to secure our inestimable rights and liberties from those further violations with which they are threatened.

Resolved, therefore, that this colony be immediately put into a state of defense, and that there shall be a committee appointed to prepare a plan for embodying, arming and disciplining such a number of men, as may be sufficient for that purpose.

The effect of these resolutions is described by Mr. Henry's biographer as follows:

The shock was painful. It was almost general. The resolutions were opposed as not only rash in policy, but as harsh and well nigh impious in point of feeling. Some of the warmest patriots of the convention opposed them. * * * They urged the late gracious reception of the Congressional Petition by the throne. They insisted that national comity, and much more filial respect, demanded the exercise of a more dignified patience; that the sympathies of the parent-country were now on our side; that the friends of American liberty in parliament were still with us, and had, as yet, had no cause to blush for our indiscretions; that the manufacturing interests of Great Britain, already smarting under the effects of our non-importation, co-operated powerfully toward our relief; that the sovereign himself had relented, and showed that he looked upon our sufferings with an eye of pity. "Was this a moment," they asked, "to disgust our friends, to extinguish all the conspiring sympathies which were working in our favor, to turn their friendship into hatred, their pity into revenge?" "And what was there," they asked, "in the situation of the colony, to tempt us to this? Were we a great military people? Were we ready for war? Where were our stores? Where were our arms? Where our soldiers? Where our generals? Where our money, the sinews of war? They were nowhere to be found. In truth, we were poor, we were naked, we were defenseless. And yet we talk of assuming the front of war! of assuming it, too, against a nation, one of the most formidable in the world! A nation ready and armed at all points! Her navies riding triumphant in every sea; her armies never marching, but to certain victory! What was to be the issue of the struggle we were called upon to court? What could be the issue, in the comparative circumstances of the two countries, but to yield up this country an easy prey to Great Britain, and to convert the illegitimate right which the British parliament now claimed, into a firm and indubitable right, by conquest? The measure might be brave, but it was the bravery of madmen.

So much is necessary to the understanding of the speech that follows. Surely the weight of prudent argument seemed to rest

with those opposed to the resolutions of Mr. Henry; but he, who ten years before in the House of Burgesses was arrested in the very climax of a great speech when alluding to Cæsar and Charles I, and George III, the one who had his Brutus, the other his Cromwell, "and George the Third"—with his cry of treason, treason—yet blanched not, but with God-like calmness concluded: "may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it." This man was not to be daunted by the weight of argument, or even the exalted character of the men who made it—and surely his opponents were among the first men in Virginia. By considering what his opponents had to say against his series of resolutions, perhaps my readers will appreciate all the more one of the best sentences in American literature, namely, "It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope: we are apt to shut our eyes against the painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren until she transforms us into beasts." It is not, however, with that sentence that Mr. Henry's speech began, though it is at that point that our school books usually begin it. If we may trust, as I think we may, his biographer, Mr. Wirt, he opened his reply in the following manner:

He rose at this time with a majesty unusual to him in an exordium, and with all that self-possession by which he was invariably distinguished. No man thought more highly than he did of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who had just addressed the House. But different men often saw the same subject in different lights; and therefore he hoped it would not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen, if, entertaining as he did, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, he should speak forth his sentiments freely and without reserve. This was no time for ceremony. The question before this house was one of awful moment to the country. For his own part, he considered it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery. And in proportion to the magnitude of the subject, ought to be the freedom of the debate. It was only in this way that they could hope to arrive at truth, and fulfil the great responsibility which they held to God and to their country. Should he keep back his opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offense, he should consider himself as guilty of treason toward his country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the majesty of heaven, which he revered above all earthly kings.

Then more directly:

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope: we are apt to shut our eyes against the painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren until she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, en-

gaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears hear not, the things which so nearly concern our temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the truth; to know the whole truth; to know the worst and to provide for it. I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future, but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the past ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose is not to force us to submission? Has Great Britain an enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned—we have remonstrated—we have supplicated—we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult, our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain after these things may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we wish to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight!—I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us! They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are

totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three million of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come! It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

No applause followed this speech. The feelings produced were too intense for that. It is an old story repeated again. When the Greeks listened to Demosthenes they never applauded; they said, let us go and fight Philip. The resolutions for arming the militia passed, and the committee provided for by them, to prepare a plan for arming and disciplining said militia, was appointed. All opposition was swept away, and armed resistance to Great Britain's encroachment upon American liberties must be met henceforth with armed resistance, until an independent nation is born in the New World, a nation whose manifest mission it is to guide the destinies of these western continents.

Was the natural scenery, in the midst of which these great truths were uttered, these heroisms displayed, fitting to their greatness and far-reaching importance—that little four-cornered frame church building, eighteen by thirty-six in its dimensions? Does the heroic action derive anything from its environment? Or is it the case here as it is often the case, that it is this speech which nerved America to the point of resistance, this act of

heroism that gives something like sanctification and immortality to the environment in which they happened.

The attendant at the little church points the spot where tradition says the great Virginian stood when delivering this address; and will, if you desire it, repeat the speech for you, which he did in part for me; but half way through I stopped him, though he spoke with some judgment and had the good taste not to tear the passion into shreds. But I had my own opinion as to how that speech, perhaps, was delivered; and I did not care to have it marred by another. And then it is one of those things that cannot be successfully repeated to advantage. It was a message from God that completed its purpose when declared by the prophet who uttered it. Are these terms too strong, "message from God," and "Prophet?" I think not. All the prophets of God are not from the schools of prophets. Some come straight from God with the message, without going through the schools or even through the formalities of ordination, but they come with the inspiration of God upon them, nevertheless. I have scripture warrant for what I say. "It is not right," says one of our scriptures, "that any man should be in bondage one to another. And for this purpose have I established the constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men whom I raised up unto this very purpose, and redeemed the land by the shedding of blood." (Doc. and Cov. Sec. 101.)

And in that group of wise men whom God raised up to establish the institutions and constitutions of this great nation, the guardian of the liberties of these western continents, none gave greater evidence of inspiration than this same man, Patrick Henry, who appeared in this little church forum of Virginia. His biographer, Mr. Wirt, relates an incident which occurred a few years previous to his great speech in Virginia's convention of delegates, and which is so completely prophetic that I venture to quote it; and let it be remembered that the conversation detailed, took place "before one drop of blood was shed in America's contest with Great Britain," or even one word had been said of independence.

PATRICK HENRY'S PROPHECY.

"His views were not less steady than they were bold. His vision pierced deeply into futurity; and long before a whisper of independence had been heard in this

land, he had looked through the whole of the approaching contest, and saw, with the eye and the rapture of a prophet, his country seated aloft among the nations of the earth. A striking proof of this prescience is given in an anecdote communicated to me by Mr. Pope. These are his words:—"I am informed by Col. John Overton, that before one drop of blood was shed in our contest with Great Britain, he was at Col. Samuel Overton's in company with Mr. Henry, Col. Morris, John Hawkins, and Col. Samuel Overton, when the last-mentioned gentleman asked Mr. Henry, 'whether he supposed Great Britain would drive her colonies to extremities?—And if she should, what he thought would be the issue of the war?' When Mr. Henry, after looking round to see who were present, expressed himself confidentially to the company in the following manner:

" 'She will drive us to extremities—no accommodation will take place—hostilities will soon commence—and a desperate and bloody touch it will be.' 'But,' said Col. Samuel Overton, 'Do you think, Mr. Henry, that an infant nation as we are, without discipline, arms, ammunition, ships of war, or money to procure them—do you think it possible, thus circumstanced, to oppose successfully the fleets and armies of Great Britain?' 'I will be candid with you,' replied Mr. Henry. 'I doubt whether we shall be able, alone, to cope with so powerful a nation. But, continued he, (rising from his chair, with great animation,) 'where is France? Where is Spain? Where is Holland? the natural enemies of Great Britain.—Where will they be all this while? Do you suppose they will stand by, idle and indifferent spectators to the contest? Will Louis XVI be asleep all this time? Believe me, no! When Louis XVI shall be satisfied by our serious opposition, and our Declaration of Independence, that all prospect of a reconciliation is gone, then, and not till then, will he furnish us with arms, ammunition, and clothing; and not with these only, but he will send his fleets and armies to fight our battles for us; he will form with us a treaty offensive and defensive, against our unnatural mother. Spain and Holland will join the confederation! Our independence will be established! and we shall take our stand among the nations of the earth!' Here he ceased; and Col. John Overton says, he shall never forget the voice and prophetic manner with which these predictions were uttered, and which have been since so literally verified. Col. Overton says, at the word independence, the company appeared to be startled; for they had never heard any thing of the kind before even suggested."

It is, of course, a matter of common knowledge that this prophecy was fulfilled in every particular, and still I cannot help to believe that the following passage, from one of the most thoughtful of American historians, (Marcus Wilson) will be of special interest, as it brings before the mind, not only the evidence of the fulfilment of Mr. Henry's prophecy, but also increases one's wonder that such unlikely instrumentalities should be used for the accomplishment of the Almighty's purpose. Commenting upon the

treaty of Great Britain, France, Spain, Holland and the United States, signed in 1783, he said:

Thus closed the most important war in which England had ever been engaged, — a war which arose wholly out of her ungenerous treatment of her American colonies. The expense of blood and treasure which this war cost England was enormous; nor, indeed, did her European antagonists suffer much less severely. The United States was the only country that could look to any beneficial results from the war, and these were obtained by a strange union of opposing motives and principles, unequalled in the annals of history. France and Spain, the arbitrary despots of the old world, had stood forth as the protectors of an infant republic, and had combined, contrary to all the principles of their political faith, to establish the rising liberties of America. They seemed but as blind instruments in the hands of Providence, employed to aid in the founding of a nation which should cultivate those republican virtues that were destined yet to regenerate the world upon the principles of universal intelligence, and eventually to overthrow the time-worn system of tyrannical usurpation of the few over the many.

* * * * *

St. John's Church at Richmond was subsequently used for a convention of delegates from Virginia to consider the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, by the commonwealth of Virginia; and here, after long deliberation, and after pleading for additional safeguards to the security of individual liberties, as finally embodied in the first ten amendments to the Constitution, the state of Virginia through her convention, made a very guarded adoption of the Constitution. During these discussions Mr. Henry was frequently heard in the debates, and it will go without saying that he was always found on the side which stood for procuring the largest possible liberty, both to the people of the nation and the citizens of the states, and the reserve rights of the states. But the climax both of his own career, and the incident which makes of this unpretentious church house a shrine of American liberty, was the speech delivered on that 23rd day of March, 1775, when this inspired man made strong the hearts of American patriots to resist intolerable British oppression.

Salt Lake City, Utah.



Scott's Bluffs.
(From *Liverpool to Salt Lake.*)

OUR PIONEER BOYS.

BY SOLOMON F. KIMBALL.

In early days the Lord did raise
Brave "Mormon" boys to blaze the way;
To make the bridge, to clear the ridge,
To hold the savage beast at bay.

They broke the grounds and built new towns;
They eyed the lurking red-skin thief,
O'er Indian trails they packed the mails,
And fared on bear and buffalo beef.

Rough and ready, tough but steady,
Like pure diamonds in the rough,
They rescued wives from scalping knives,
And chased the red men o'er the bluff.

O'er the plains they guarded trains,
Helping travelers on their way,
Through dust and heat, with blistered feet,
They never lagged or lost a day.

These heroes went, on missions sent,
To rescue pilgrims that were late;

With heavy loads, they "broke" the roads,
From Salt Lake down to Devil's Gate.

Met starving Saints, with travel faint,
Pulling hand-carts through the snow,
All through November and December;
These were dreadful days of woe.

Through drifting snow, these boys would go
With freezing pilgrims on their backs,
Through rivers deep, through slush and sleet;
And o'er the hills, they "broke" the tracks.

They climbed the heights, then sat up nights
Nursing the sick and burying dead;
Their hearts would bleed when they would feed
Poor, helpless children without bread.

With dauntless will they fought on still,
Saving the lives of all they could;
Though they could feel their strength of steel
Waning for want of needed food.

Great efforts made brought ample aid
From comrades bringing new supplies:
The strong did leap, for joy did weep,
And manly tears flowed from their eyes.

Our "minute men" have always been
On hand to answer every call;
They always went wherever sent,
In winter, summer, spring or fall.

Paving the way for a better day,
Most of the boys have passed away;
Their work well done, their victory won,
They've gone to dwell in peace away.

We'll drop a tear as we draw near
The tomb of these our "Mormon" braves,

Our heroes dear that knew no fear,
We'll strew sweet flowers o'er their graves.

There are left a few who're just as true
As the veterans who have passed away;
Let's give them cheer while they are here,
And praise the heroes while we may!



Great Salt Lake City in 1853.
(From *Liverpool to Salt Lake.*)

Soon after the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized, it seemed like all the evil powers of earth and hell combined had arrayed themselves against the people. For sixteen years this cruel warfare was kept up. They were driven from county to county and from state to state, until they were utterly stripped of all earthly possessions. Even then, they were not allowed to rest until they had been driven into the wilderness, some twelve hundred miles from civilization, and there left in the midst of cruel savages and wild beasts, with starvation staring them in the face.

Most of our pioneer boys were born while their grief-stricken parents were passing through these terrible hardships. These little fellows naturally partook of the spirit with which they were surrounded, and this undoubtedly went far towards qualifying them for the hard and trying mission they were destined to fulfil later

on. The majority of them were descendants of our Pilgrim Fathers, and their grandsires stood shoulder to shoulder with the brave patriots who made this the most glorious nation on earth.

Considering these circumstances, how could these boys be anything else than brave? After they had grown to manhood,



Solomon F. Kimball.
(Photo. by C. R. Savage, 1890.)

they feared nothing; and the Indians, when doing wrong, were in constant dread of them. They were expert horsemen, and almost lived in their saddles. They were first class marksmen, and always kept their powder dry and firearms in good condition. These young heroes, called "minute men," were organized into companies of sixty, and were very much in evidence throughout this whole Rocky mountain region, from 1847 to 1869.

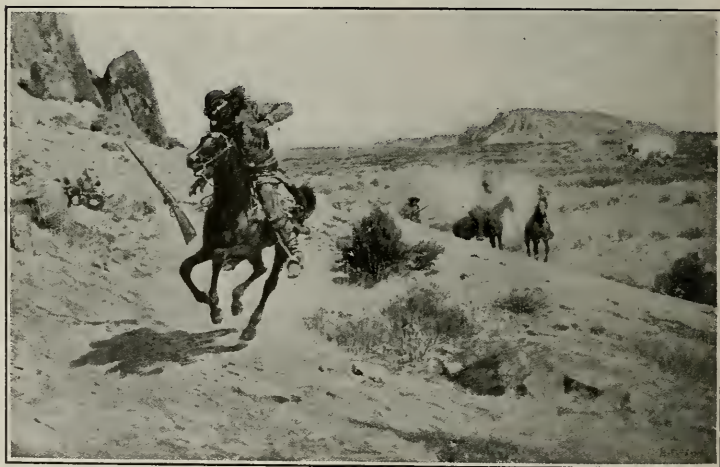
When emigration from the old countries began to pour into Utah, the burden of pioneer life commenced to weigh heavily upon their young shoulders. New settlements had to be built, roads and bridges made, hostile Indians subdued, and the wild beasts looked after. These responsibilities, with many others just as important, kept them moving almost continuously.

The Indians were great strategists, and were always lurking around watching for an opportunity to take advantage of those who lived in the border settlements. They would first attack towns of less importance, so as to draw the boys in that direction. Then would make raids on settlements of greater importance, killing men, women and children, and driving off large herds of stock. As soon as the authorities were made acquainted with these facts, they would dispatch a company or two of these "minute men" to their rescue. When the boys reached these settlements, they

gathered the stock that the Indians had left, and moved the settlers to the larger settlements where they could receive proper care.

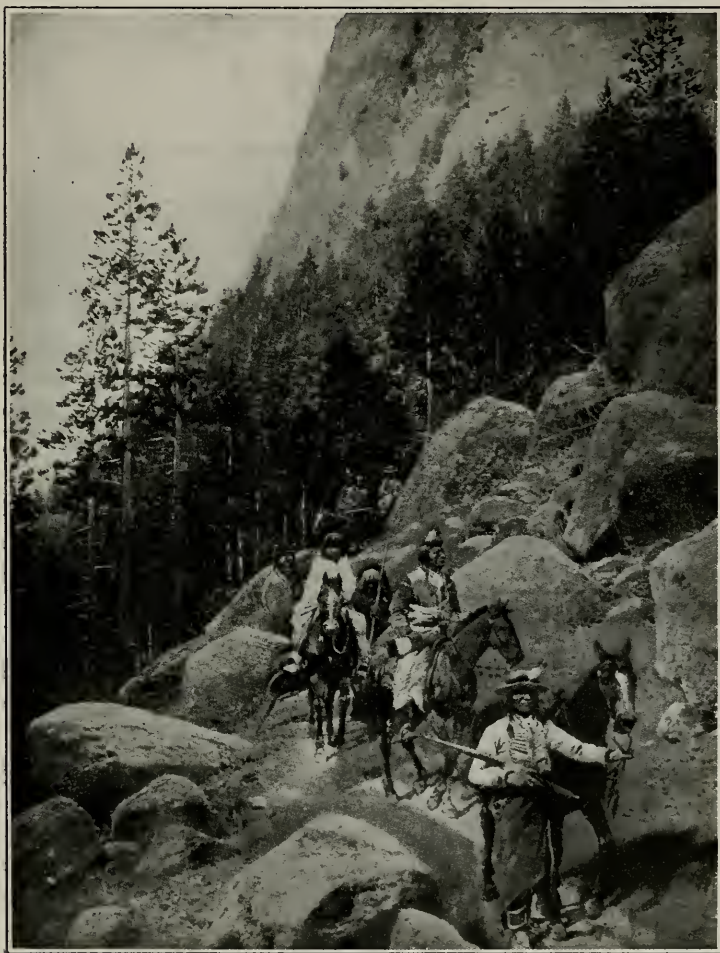
Before starting on long and hazardous expeditions, their mothers and sisters baked for them plenty of hardtack. While this work was going on, the boys would kill a beef steer, or, in some instances, a family's last milch cow, cut the meat into thin slices, dip them into brine, and hang them in the sun to dry. This they called jerked beef. They filled their sacks with this dried meat, and hardtack, and this generally constituted their bill of fare until they returned. Their loving parents, who were old, bent and gray, from the hardships which they had passed through, would then place their hands upon the boys' heads and, in the name of the Lord, give them a parents' farewell blessing, between sobs and broken accents, while tears trickled down their hollowed cheeks. After these affectionate partings had taken place, the young braves met with their superior officers, to receive their final instructions. Within twenty-four hours from the time they were notified to be ready, they had their supplies lashed to their pack animals, and were in their saddles and off.

They took the trail of the red skin thieves who, sometimes,



An Effective Shot.
(From a Painting by H. F. Farny.)

had several days the start of them, with perhaps three or four hundred head of stolen stock. The men were always mounted on good horses, and the Indians knew what to expect if they were overtaken. The boys followed them for hundreds of miles over rocks, rivers, deserts, mountains, and through heavy underbrush that almost tore the clothing from their bodies. When night came a



A Mountain Trail.
(From a Painting by H. F. Farny.)

heavy guard was placed around their animals, in addition to camp and picket guard. This was very trying on them after riding thirty-five or forty miles a day, over a rough country, through the hot sun of summer, or the cold weather of winter. They were often so worn out that they were obliged to resort to all kinds of schemes to keep from going to sleep while on duty. The picket guard was the most trying of the three, as the men were stationed about a mile from camp in the different mountain passes that they knew the Indians would be compelled to take before attacking the camp, or stampeding their horses.

Here the men would lay flat on the ground for hours at a time, listening and watching for Indians. They scarcely ever built fires, on such occasions, since the smoke by day or the light by night might reveal to the red men their whereabouts. Their covering at night generally consisted of their damp saddle blankets, with their saddles for pillows.

Every fifteen or twenty miles, or when they found a favorable place, it was the custom of the Indians to divide their herds of stolen stock and drive the animals so divided in two different directions. This they repeated as long as there were any stock to divide. The men kept together and followed the most favorable trail, until they reached the end of their journey.

It always tested the mettle of the boys when they were compelled to swim rivers, during cold weather. Under such circumstances they always made a good fire after reaching the other side. Sometimes, while fording treacherous mountain streams during high water, a horse lost its footing, and both rider and horse were carried down stream never to be seen again. While crossing such streams, some of the boys who were expert with their lassoes, have been known to stand on the banks and throw their lariats over those who were unfortunate enough to meet with such accidents. Frequently they saved the lives of their comrades in this way.

When they ran short of provisions they killed wild game and jerked the meat. Once in a while, they entered barren regions where game was not found. Then they were compelled to live on the meat of their faithful saddle animals. When they were thus obliged to kill the horses that had carried them so many thousands

of miles, under the most trying circumstances, it almost broke their hearts.

It sometimes happened, after following the red men for hundreds of miles, that the boys found for their pains only four or five head of tired out cattle, and no signs of Indians. The men would then kill the cattle, jerk the meat, and start for home, sore, stiff, and disappointed.

On the return home from these long and hard expeditions, their parents hardly knew them, they were so reduced in flesh, and their clothing was so badly worn and torn. It often happened that before they had been home long enough to get needed rest they were called in other directions, to chase after other hostile bands of Indians, or perhaps were sent out on the plains to guard emigrants who often designated them as their guardian angels.

When at home, and they were at liberty, the boys took great pleasure in drilling on horseback. They were large, well built, fine-looking men, and made a splendid appearance when dressed in their military suits of navy blue, and when mounted on their beautiful horses. The favorite parade ground, in those days, was the Sixteenth Ward square, where the old State University now stands. Hyrum B. Clawson was one of their number, and had organized a company of sixty mounted lancers, who knew but little about riding horses. White pants, red jackets, and blue caps, constituted their uniform.

About the year 1856, quite an interesting incident took place while the different military organizations were parading. It happened on the 4th of July, when the Territorial militia was out in full uniform. Pitt's brass

band, composed of old timers, like Phil. Margetts, James Smithers, Seth Rigby, Josh Midgley, and others, were mounted on Tithing



Joshua Midgley.

office mules, and old work horses. Governor Brigham Young and other dignitaries were present to inspect the militia, and to witness their maneuvers. Everything passed off nicely until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The commanding officer in charge galloped over to the Governor's carriage and asked the Governor if he had any suggestions to make. President Young, with a twinkle in his eyes, said he would be pleased to see Captain Clawson's Lancers charge Captain Lot Smith's company of "Minute Men." This order was soon carried into effect. The Lancers had no more than reached the front



Phil Margetts, 1892.



Lot Smith.
(Born May 15, 1830; died June 21, 1892.)

ranks of the "Minute Men" when the latter drew their sabres, parried off the bristling lances, and then gently pricked the Lancer's fiery steeds with the points of their sabres. The Lancers, not accustomed to riding bucking horses, dropped their lances, and grabbed the horns of their saddles with both hands. While the band was playing, "Hail Columbia, Happy Land," through a cloud of dust could be seen sixty different streaks of red, white, and blue, closely followed by navy blue. Within five minutes from the time this heroic



A Hand-Cart Company.
(From a Painting by C. C. A. Christensen.)

charge was made, the organization known as Clawson's Lancers were completely chased out of existence.

During the fall and winter of 1856, many of the "Minute Men" passed through hardships that few persons could have endured. This was the hand-cart season, when so many emigrants perished from cold and hunger. The last hand-cart company that season, numbering about six hundred, were rescued by a party of these young heroes on the Sweetwater, near where it flows through



The Devil's Gate, in Wyoming, on the Sweetwater.
(From *Liverpool to Salt Lake*.)

Devil's Gate, Wyoming. Nearly one-third of these pilgrims died before reaching Salt Lake valley. Three of our brave young men, under twenty years of age, carried on their backs upwards of five hundred of these freezing people across the Sweetwater river, breaking the ice before them as they waded from shore to shore. At that time they contracted colds that finally terminated in their

deaths. When President Brigham Young heard of this heroic act, he wept like a child, and declared that this act alone would immortalize them. Their names are, George W. Grant, C. Allen Huntington, and David P. Kimball.



C. A. Huntington.

hearted as children. Of course, they were somewhat rough, as they had but little time to attend school, and to enjoy the comforts of home life. Most of them were good story-tellers and could almost make one's hair stand on end, while relating their experiences. They were a cheerful lot of fellows, under the most trying circumstances, and not a word of complaint was ever heard to come from their lips.

It is remarkable, in view of conditions, how few of them lost

It would take volumes to place properly before the people all the heroic acts performed by our early day pioneer boys. They were instruments in the hands of the Lord in making it possible for the thousands of emigrants, who came to Utah in early days, to dwell in peace in these valleys of the mountains. These boys were naturally intelligent, honest, truthful, virtuous, God-fearing and as tender-



David P. Kimball.

(Photo. by C. R. Savage, 1877.)

their lives, either in Indian fights or by accident. It seemed like the powers of heaven were watching over them. Hundreds of times they took their lives in their own hands, while braving the dangers they were almost constantly passing through. They did their work cheerfully and without remuneration. The most of them also performed foreign missions, and were very successful in bringing souls to repentance.

This generation of Latter-day Saints will never fully appre-



George W. Grant.

ciate what our pioneer boys have done towards the establishment of the Church in these valleys and the founding of homes, until the books spoken of in John the Revelator shall have been opened. When the dead, small and great, shall stand before God, to be judged according to their works, these brave "Mormon" boys, a few of whom are still with us, will undoubtedly be found in the front ranks among the noble and great ones "which came out of great tribulation."

Salt Lake City, Utah.



Wm. B. Dougall, Jasper Conrad and S. F. Kimball, just returned from Black Hawk War, July, 1866.

(Photo. by C. R. Savage.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOME UTAH BIRDS.

BY CLAUDE T. BARNES, M. S. P. R., MEMBER NATIONAL ASSOCIATION AUDUBON SOCIETY.

2.— THE REDWING BLACKBIRD.

(*Agelaius Phoeniceus.*)

One bright day last April, when I was listening with eagerness for the songs of newly-arrived feathered friends, there jumped up suddenly, from the plashy bottom of a willowy marsh by the roadside, a lustrous, red-winged blackbird which at once alighted on the top of a cat's-tail and sang with delightful intonation his song:

“Gug-lug-gee-e-e-e-e-e!”

As he was the herald of the most charming season of the year, I did not injure him, but crouched low beside the rushes, even wetting my feet in the fenny ground, and watched with gladness the handsome fellow as he gave forth his beloved, deep, swampy note of Spring. Soon, bits of black and red appeared elsewhere, in the morass; but there were no birds of lighter color, streaked with brown—a fact which told me, immediately, that the females had not yet arrived.

In sloughs, beside the railway tracks, in the marshes of the fields, in the willows and rushes of ponds and river banks—in fact, anywhere, in Utah, where the ground is swampy and grasses, cat tails or willows plentiful, there also is the redwing blackbird joining his gurgling song with the harsh but musical croak of the big, spotted frog.

Perhaps every boy in Utah who is old enough to ramble alone through the meadow, knows a male redwing, when he sees it; but few recognize the female when she is alone.

The male bird is lustrous, velvet-black, burnished with a metal-

lic greenish reflection. On the bend or shoulder of each wing is a patch of vermilion-red, and just behind this, a tinge of brownish-yellow. This red and buff, at the bends of the wings, are the only markings that relieve the otherwise uniform velvet-black of the male bird.

The female is not black, but, above, brown streaked with ru-



Red-Winged Blackbird.

Upper figure, Male; Lower figure, Female.

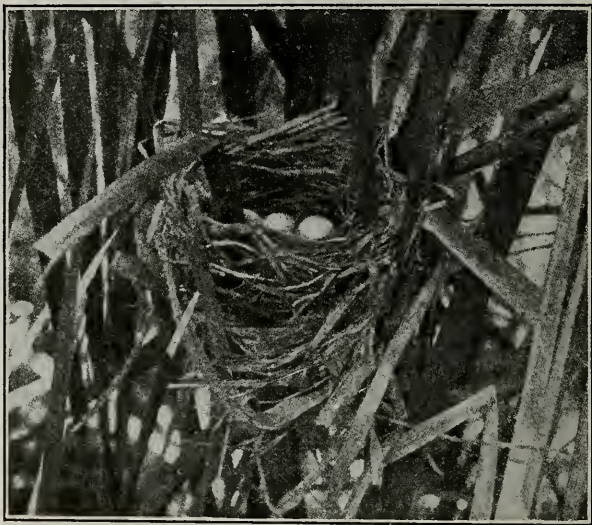
fous and yellowish, and beneath, white streaked with brown. The upper part of the throat, one stripe above, and one below, each eye, are brownish-yellow.

In both the male and female redwing, the bill is large and stout, and the tail much rounded. In size, each is a little smaller than a robin, though, when held in hand, the male blackbird, especially, is seen to be more slender and trim.

and flute his "O-ka-lee," the song will never be forgotten, but rather cherished as the sign that nature is once more budding in loveliness.

A week or so after the arrival of the males, the females appear; and in May the nesting season begins.

The nests are usually neatly woven cups consisting, on the outside, of rough grasses or weeds, lined on the inside with finer materials of the same nature, or with sedges. Of course, the nest is always built either over standing or running water, or on boggy ground. Sometimes, the outer part is strongly interwoven with reeds, which support it; sometimes, the whole nest is pensive like that of the Bullock's oriole, being suspended from the crotch of a



Nest of Red-Winged Blackbird.

willow or sapling limb; and, again, it may be on the ground in a clump of grass.

The eggs average about an inch in length; and are of a light-bluish cast, lined, blotched and marbled, at the larger ends, with light, purple and black.

The male bird, which mates with more than one female, seems like Argus, to have a hundred eyes, so vigilant is he in protecting his nests. If an intruder get too near, he dashes about close over-

head, and remonstrates, with almost frightening persistence, against the danger to his domain. If the nest be destroyed, he is in great distress for days, but soon builds another in the same place.

After raising one or two broods, the birds gather, in August, into flocks; and, at this time, they are more than ordinarily varied in appearance, as young birds, which at first resemble the mother, do not get their full plumage until the third Summer. As Autumn approaches, the blackbirds gather in immense numbers previous to their migrations southward. Last fall, I saw a flock of about four thousand individuals gleaning in a grainfield a half mile north of the Rio Grand Western station at Kaysville.

Though much has been said against the red-winged blackbirds, they are, on the whole, a benefit to the farmer. In March, April, May, June and July, they feed almost exclusively on obnoxious insects, the number that they destroy in a single season in the United States, being estimated by Wilson to be twelve thousand million! In fact, insects constitute about one fourth of the redwing's yearly food. In June it eats, largely, weevils, snout beetles, snails and crustaceans. At other times, it feeds on army worms, crane flies, white grubs, root borers, ants, chinch bugs, root worms, root lice, and green locusts. There is a species of cutworm (*carnædes rubefactalis*) which is ruinous to swampy grass lands; but if the blackbird is near, the pest is soon done away with. Like the meadow lark, the blackbird gormandizes on grasshoppers when that delicacy is in season.

In winter, the redwing exists mostly on weed seed, ragweed, barn grass, and smartweed being eaten regularly from August until April. In fact, it seldom injures the barnyard or orchard; and it prefers weed seed to grain. The young are fed exclusively on insects such as plant lice, grub worms, cut worms, earth worms and caterpillars. Of course, the blackbird eats some green corn and standing grain; but my observations lead me to believe that most of the grain which it takes is gleaned from the fields after the reaper has gone.

Charming reminder of spring, the handsome ornament of swamps and sloughs, benefactor of man, the lustrous redwing ought to sing, undisturbed, his "O-ka-lee."

Salt Lake City, Utah.

SELF-CONTROL.

BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

2.—THE CRIMES OF THE TONGUE.

The second most deadly instrument of destruction is the dynamite gun,—the first is the human tongue. The gun merely kills bodies; the tongue kills reputations and, oftentimes, ruins characters. Each gun works alone; each loaded tongue has a hundred accomplices. The havoc of the gun is visible at once. The full evil of the tongue lives through all the years; even the eye of Omniscience might grow tired in tracing it to its finality.

The crimes of the tongue are words of unkindness, of anger, of malice, of envy, of bitterness, of harsh criticism, gossip, lying and scandal. Theft and murder are awful crimes, yet in any single year the aggregate sorrow, pain and suffering they cause in a nation is microscopic when compared with the sorrows that come from the crimes of the tongue. Place in one of the scale-pans of Justice the evils resulting from the acts of criminals, and in the other the grief and tears and suffering resulting from the crimes of respectability, and you will start back in amazement as you see the scale you thought the heavier shoot high in air.

At the hands of thief or murderer few of us suffer, even indirectly. But from the careless tongue of friend, the cruel tongue of enemy, who is free? No human being can live a life so true, so fair, so pure, as to be beyond the reach of malice, or immune from the poisonous emanation of envy. The insidious attacks against one's reputation, the loathsome innuendoes, slurs, half-lies,

* From *Self-Control; Its Kingship and Majesty*. Copyright 1889 and 1905 by Fleming H. Revell Company.

by which jealous mediocrity seeks to ruin its superiors, are like those insect parasites that kill the heart and life of a mighty oak. So cowardly is the method, so stealthy the shooting of the poisoned thorns, so insignificant the separate acts in their seeming, that one is not on guard against them. It is easier to dodge an elephant than a microbe.

In London they have recently formed an Anti-Scandal League. The members promise to combat in every way in their power "the prevalent custom of talking scandal, the terrible and unending consequences of which are not generally estimated."

Scandal is one of the crimes of the tongue, but it is only one. Every individual who breathes a word of scandal is an active stockholder in a society for the spread of moral contagion. He is instantly punished by Nature by having his mental eyes dimmed to sweetness and purity, and his mind deadened to the sunlight and glow of charity. There is developed a wondrous, ingenious perversion of mental vision by which every act of others is explained and interpreted from the lowest possible motives. They become like certain carrion flies, that pass lightly over acres of rose-gardens, to feast on a piece of putrid meat. They have developed a keen scent for the foul matter upon which they feed.

There are pillows wet by sobs; there are noble hearts broken in the silence whence comes no cry of protest; there are gentle, sensitive natures seared and warped; there are old-time friends separated and walking their lonely ways with hope dead and memory but a pang; there are cruel misunderstandings that make all life look dark,—these are but a few of the sorrows that come from the crimes of the tongue.

A man may lead a life of honesty and purity, battling bravely for all he holds dearest, so firm and sure of the rightness of his life that he never thinks for an instant of the diabolic ingenuity that makes evil and evil report where naught but good really exists. A few words lightly spoken by the tongue of slander, a significant expression of the eyes, a cruel shrug of the shoulders, with a pursing of the lips,—and then, friendly hands grow cold, the accustomed smile is displaced by a sneer, and one stands alone and aloof with a dazed feeling of wonder at the vague, intangible something that has caused it all.

For this craze for scandal, sensational newspapers of today are largely responsible. Each newspaper is not one tongue, but a thousand or a million tongues, telling the same foul story to as many pairs of listening ears. The vultures of sensationalism scent the carcass of immorality afar off. From the uttermost parts of the earth they collect the sin, disgrace and folly of humanity, and show them bare to the world. They do not even require *facts*, for morbid memories and fertile imaginations make even the worst of the world's happenings seem tame when compared with their monstrosities of invention. These stories, and the discussions they excite, develop in readers a cheap, shrewd power of distortion of the acts of all around them.

If a rich man give a donation to some charity, they say: "He is doing it to get his name talked about,—to help his business." If he give it anonymously, they say, "Oh, it's some millionaire who is clever enough to know that refraining from giving his name will pique curiosity; he will see that the public is informed later." If he do not give to charity, they say: "Oh, he's stingy with his money, of course, like the rest of the millionaires." To the vile tongue of gossip and slander, Virtue is ever deemed but a mask, noble ideals but a pretense, generosity a bribe.

The man who stands above his fellows must expect to be the target for the envious arrows of their inferiority. It is part of the price he must pay for his advance. One of the most detestable characters in all literature is Iago. Envious of the promotion of Cassio above his head, he hated Othello. His was one of those low natures that become absorbed in sustaining his dignity, talking of "preserving his honor,"—forgetting it has so long been dead that even embalming could not preserve it. Day by day Iago dropped his poison; day by day did subtle resentment and studied vengeance distill the poison of distrust and suspicion into more powerfully insidious doses. With a mind wonderfully concentrated by the blackness of his purpose, he wove a network of circumstantial evidence around the pure-hearted Desdemona, and then murdered her vicariously, by the hand of Othello. Her very simplicity, confidence, innocence and artlessness made Desdemona the easier mark for the diabolic tactics of Iago.

Iago still lives in the hearts of thousands, who have all his

despicable meanness without his cleverness. The constant dropping of their lying words of malice and envy have in too many instances at last worn away the noble reputations of their superiors.

To sustain ourselves in our own hasty judgments we sometimes say, as we listen, and accept without investigation, the words of these modern Iagoes: "Well, where there is so much smoke, there must be *some* fire." Yes, but the fire may be only the fire of malice, the incendiary firing of the reputation of another by the lighted torch of envy, thrown into the innocent facts of a life of superiority.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

(ECCLESIASTES 11: 1.)

(*For the Improvement Era.*)

"Cast thy bread upon the waters,"
 Sow the Savior's priceless seed,
 Soothe one's sorrow, feed the hungry,
 Clothe the poor who are in need.
 Charity is love's sweet mission,
 Springing from the heart's desire,
 'Tis the grace of thy redemption,
 Lighted by celestial fire!

"Cast thy bread upon the waters,"
 Let thy giving cheerful be;
 In the cycle of God's blessings,
 'Twill return in love to thee.
 Mercy shall return in mercy,
 Love with love obtain reward;
 As thou givest to another,
 Is thy measure from the Lord.

J. L. TOWNSEND.

ROMANCE OF A MISSIONARY.

BY NEPHI ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF "ADDED UPON," "MARCUS KING,"
"THE CASTLE BUILDER," ETC.

IX.

ELDER DONALDSON'S STORY.

It was time that Elder Donaldson should draw his London visit to a close and return to his field of labor. Willard had spent a number of days with him visiting historic places of interest. On the last day of Elder Donaldson's stay in the big city, he and Willard were sitting on a bench in St. James' Park looking at the children feeding the swans in the lake. The feeling of spring was in the air. The sun was warm. The grass had a new-green color. The early flowers were breaking through the soil, and a few birds were twittering in the trees.

"When visiting these beauty spots in the general ugliness of English cities," said Willard, "I have often wondered how grass and flowers can thrive amidst so much smoke and fog."

"That they do is a wise provision of nature," said his companion.

"Look at those children!" exclaimed Willard. "Their bare legs are blue with cold. The knees are among the tenderest parts of the body—most susceptible to the cold—and yet these children, to be correctly dressed, must have bare legs. I think it is most ridiculous."

"And cruel," added Elder Donaldson. "The mothers and the nurses are usually heavily clad. I have seen mothers dressed in furs, while their little children were running with bare legs beside them—but that isn't what I want to talk to you about this

afternoon. I asked you to sit down here that I might tell you a story—my story; if you care to hear it.”

“I shall be delighted—go on.”

“Well,” began Elder Donaldson, “I have told none of the elders my story, but I want to tell it to you. I was your first companion in the field, and I think you took a special liking to me.”

“True, Brother—first love, you know.”

The other smiled. “Well, as I have some good news from home, I must tell it to somebody; and I know of no one that I would rather tell it to than you. But for you to understand and appreciate any good news, I must tell you something that will lead up to it.”

The hum of the great city was all about them, but as the elders talked they lived again in other and far-away scenes.

“Perhaps you did not know that my father is a rich man,” said Elder Donaldson.

“No; I did not know that,” was the reply.

“Well, he is. Let me tell you about it. When they were married, father and mother were both Latter-day Saints. I shall not say good Latter-day Saints, because father was not very energetic in the performance of his religious duties; but mother—well, she has been true all along, bless her dear heart. * * * Father was very successful in his business ventures. He was keen and shrewd. Year after year he became better off, and year after year he devoted more of his time to money making and less to religious duties. Then he made so much money that he could not pay one tenth of it to the Lord. Strange, isn’t it, that it is so much easier to pay tithing on one hundred dollars than it is on ten thousand?

“Father was called on a mission, but he refused to go. His interests were too large, he said. Mother felt this refusal keenly. Then one thing followed another—I shall not go into details—until father became openly bitter against the Church. I was fifteen years old when he was cut off from the Church. I was not old enough to fully realize the true nature of that which was going on, but I remember distinctly what the feeling was, and how my sister and I mingled our tears with those of our mother.

"I was at an age when I resented that which had brought such sorrow into our home, and I listened to father and his denunciations of the Church and its leaders; but when I talked with mother, there was quite a different feeling. I noticed the difference. I felt better when with mother. She had taught us—my sister Amy and me—always to say our prayers; and now she urged us never to forget them, which I never did. I think that was a great help to me.

"Well, the years went by. Father prospered. He built one of the finest houses in the city. My sister and I went to school and had everything we needed. There was one good trait in father, and that was that he never interfered with mother's religious duties. She could go to meeting as often as she liked. We had plenty of help in the house and so he was not neglected by mother's absence.

"When I became older, I quietly investigated the cause of father's fall, and I found that the authorities were justified, and that father was in the wrong. I went to Sunday school and to Mutual, and the gospel became to me a dear thing. My sister usually went with me, but she did not take the interest that I did.

"I married when I was twenty-two. I was rather young, I will admit, but I married a good 'Mormon' girl, and I can see now that it was a God-send to me. Father opposed my marrying so young. He said I ought to get a good start in life first, get established in business, and all that. I worked in father's office on a salary, and he said I would have to live on that salary for some time. I was perfectly willing to do that, and the girl was willing also.

"We were married in the Temple, too. Father didn't say much, but we surmised that he was angered.

"Well, three months afterwards I received a call to go on a mission. I took the letter home and showed it to Lucy, my wife, and, of course, we cried a little over it. What should I do? All that I had been able to save had gone into the little house which I had purchased and furnished. We had nothing but my salary, which, of course, would stop the day I left the office. Help from father was out of the question.

"I took the letter to mother. I could see she was pleased. 'Answer the call by saying yes,' she said, 'and the Lord will bless

you. What does Lucy say?" "She also says that I should go," I replied. "Bless her dear, brave heart," said my mother. And so it was decided.

"I have never seen father so angry as when I told him about it. He raved and swore. Who would support me and my wife? he thundered. Not he! Not a cent would I get from him. Let the Church support its own!

"Well, in due time I answered the letter, saying that I should be ready whenever the authorities wanted me. I was given three months to prepare. I didn't know how I was to get along, but I trusted that the Lord would open the way.

"Father didn't give in an inch. He didn't give me a dollar over my wages when I drew my last check, although he could have given me a thousand dollars and not missed it. The ward gave me the regulation benefit party. The Saints knew pretty well the true condition of affairs, and they turned out loyally. The social netted me nearly a hundred dollars, which paid my fare over here and gave me a little over. I've been here now over two years, and I have received twenty dollars from home regularly each month. I don't know for sure how it is raised, but believe mother and Lucy manage it between them.

"My sister Amy is three years younger than I. She, about the time I left, took a notion that she wanted to go to California to visit some friends of father's. Father humored her and let her go. She was also to do some studying, of course; but, I fear that has been sadly neglected. Mother tells me in her letters that she has done nothing but call for money while she has been away, and father does not like the tone of her letters. Let me read you what mother says in one of her letters."

Elder Donaldson took from his pocket a letter and from it read:

"The other day I placed your last letter and one that I had received from Amy on your father's table together, and then I made it a point to be in the room while he read them both. I said nothing, but watched him over my work. There was a frown on his face at Amy's sharp and not too respectful sentences, but when he read your letter the hard lines softened. After reading it, he lay back in his chair with closed eyes. I was busy with my work,

humming an old tune over it. Then I saw him read your letter over again. These may be only straws, my dear boy; but they are hopeful signs. He cannot help but see the difference between one who is surrounded with and is partaking of the world, and one who is devoting his time and energy to preaching the gospel.' ”

“Well,” continued the speaker, “it seems that just the difference in mine and Amy’s letters set father to thinking. I have always aimed to be cheerful in mind, and have told of what the Lord has done for me day by day; and never once have I mentioned money to him, or asked him for any.

“And now, this is what my last letter from Lucy tells me—hold me or I might get up and shout: Amy has been home three months, and she now wants to come to Europe. Father has said she can take the trip, provided Lucy will come with her. If Lucy will do that he will pay all the expenses. Will Lucy come? Well I think so! They sail from Boston on the fifteenth of next month. What do you think of that?”

Elder Donaldson put his arms around his fellow missionary and gave him a good, hard hug, uttering cries of glee, at which a dignified lady just passing became so startled that her glasses dropped from her nose.

“I am very, very glad for your sake,” said Willard. “You have filled a good mission, and now to finish it up with a tour of Europe in the company of wife and sister, what could be finer?”

“Yes, it will be glorious,” said the happy man in a quiet tone of voice. I wish you could go with us.”

“Thank you for your kind wish,” said Willard.

“There’s another girl coming with them, I understand,” remarked Elder Donaldson. “She is going to Berlin to study music—one of my wife’s acquaintances—what is her name? I can’t remember.” He looked again at his letter. “Oh, yes, Wells is her name, Grace Wells.”

“Grace Wells?”

“That’s the name. Do you know her?”

“Well, I—I don’t know. I used to know a girl by that name, but likely this is not she. Yet, she is a musician, and I know she used to talk of finishing her musical education in Berlin.”

"Well, old boy, we'll meet them at the Liverpool Landing Stage, and then you'll find out."

"I don't know whether I shall or not."

"Now look here, Willard, you're going to accept my treat to you. I've already spoken to the president about it, and he says it's all right for you to take a little trip to Liverpool. I'll see that your fare and your expenses are paid. Father is rich, you know," he laughed.

"I shall be pleased to meet your wife and sister, but I have my doubts whether or not Grace Wells would be pleased to see me."

"Ah, old boy, a little romance back of it, is there?"

Willard laughed good-naturedly, but did not reply. The afternoon sun lay low in the hazy west. The swans were seeking their nests for the night. The children were going home, and so the two missionaries also sauntered out of the park into Pall Mall and then into Trafalgar Square where they took a bus for home.

Elder Donaldson was happy and talkative. Willard was not talkative, and he hardly knew whether he was happy or uneasy. Perhaps there was a little of both in his feelings. Was Grace Wells coming to England? Would he meet her? and what would be the result of that meeting? These, with many questions akin to these, went through his mind as he rode on top of the bus through the crowded London streets.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MY COUNTRY'S FLAG.

(*For the Improvement Era.*)

My country's flag—our pride in times of peace,
 Our inspiration in the hour of war,
 Whose glorious march of freedom shall not cease,
 'Till every land shall point in thee a star—
 Thy patriot sons peculiarly we are.
 In every heart thy cause is magnified,
 Remembering our pilgrim sires afar
 Who gave thee, streaming from yon mountain side,
 In freedom's noble name, dominion far and wide.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

THEO. E. CURTIS.

“ALL IS WELL! ALL IS WELL!”

BY SUSA YOUNG GATES.

[*Author's Note.*—When the Latter-day Saints started their pilgrimage across the Western plains, in 1847, one of their poets put his sorrows and longings into song; and this hymn was sung around their camp-fires, at their merry-makings, and at the open graves on the lonely Platte. It is often still a part of the Sabbath service of the Saints, and its words bring memories to the old and reflections to the young. Its title, “All is well,” expresses their resignation and supreme trust in the providences of God.]

It was in the early fifties. The heated breath of the August sun pressed hotly upon the parched surface of the unnamed western plains. The baked earth stretched away from the distant, sluggish waters of the Platte river. Not even the stubble of grass rose up from the earth's crust, for summer and drouth had buried, without requiem, every tiny blade and spear.

The long train of smoke-draped wagons had been moving slowly since long before the eastern sun had arisen above the flat horizon. Two by two they shambled along, the wagons lolling to and fro under the strain of the lumbering feet of the oxen. The beasts were thin-flanked, and hollow with sparse food and scant water. But on they trudged; not one step faster nor slower for the whistle of the lithe and long-lashed whip which occasionally flecked their toughened hides. “Haw” they knew, and “gee” they knew, as the stinging lash flew to right or left of ear; but speed was to their strong and steady muscles a callous mystery.

As the train gradually rose on the undulating crest of another swale, the eye of the leader saw in the clear distance a faint promise of a stream of water, silhouetted against the horizon by

scraggy "cottonwoods," themselves little more than a fringe in the line where grey sky met grey earth. But it was surely water; and from his throat there sprung a cry of joy, which vibrated swiftly from point to point until the hindmost vehicle had received the cheering news. And then, as hope flooded both eye and heart of all in the dusty train, the lips of a woman, with shrill but pleasing vigor, sent forth the notes of a song. A hundred voices caught up the melody, and the undulating music floated back, reaching the last poor wagon with its two lonely occupants:

Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear,
But with joy wend your way;
Though hard to you, this journey may appear,
Grace shall be as your day.
'Tis better far for us to strive,
Our useless cares from us to drive:
Do this, and joy your hearts will swell—
All is well! All is well!

The toiling feet of the man behind the rear wagon, tingled faintly in response to the rhythmic suggestion of the broken music. But his throat was too dry, the strength of his limbs too far spent for his voice to rise above his heart. Yet even his fevered eyes misted with sudden springs of hope renewed as the boy beside him sang out the refrain lustily:

All is well! All is well!

"I jest b'leave our old oxen know that song, daddy, for when it's sung they pick up their old feet and try to keep up with the other wagons."

The man smiled faintly in response to the boy's enthusiasm, and said quietly,

"Ay, ay, lad. So 'tis, I'm sure. More'n one poor dying soul has kept spirit in body by the chord that song fastens between them. 'Tis a good song, lad, a good song. But they should sing it all. Sing it all."

Only the three verses floated back to them fitfully, as the wagons turned a long curve in the faintly marked road.

"I love the last verse best," said the man feebly. as he struggled to keep pace with the quicker step of the boy.

"Why do you like that verse so well, daddy? It makes me cry. It jest brings up my mammy's face to me, and I see her buried beside that muddy Missouri river, and the choir a-singing that last verse, until I can't stand it no longer, I jest can't."

The boy dropped his whip while trying to rub the flowing tears with his rough sleeve. The man beside him whispered huskily,

"Never mind, Tommy, lad; don't 'ee mind. I don't feel it so. But it'll not hurt ye any more, if I can help it. Mammy was glad to lay down and rest, Tommy, even if the river is far from us, and furdur from home in bonny England. But there, lad, sometimes pappy gets tired, too, and then I loves to hear some one tune up thet there song; it mellers me to the bone, it does."

The faint, quavering voice of the invalid began its own interpretation of the hymn, but the tone was far more lively than it would otherwise have been, because of the tiny mourner beside him, and although the first three verses were trolled out pretty bravely, the fourth was left unsung.

The boy joined lustily in the hymn with his father, and together they so inspired the weary feet of their animals, as well as their own weaker bodies, that the green cottonwoods of the tiny stream on the horizon was reached by the foremost wagons before the song was ended.

The merry company were all anxious to help each other, and a dozen sprang towards the stream with cups eager to offer each other a drink of the insipid, but gratefully accepted water, flowing by the cottonwoods.

The oxen drank thirstily and long, the minutes stretching out into an hour, were consumed in satisfying the slow appetites of the patient carriers. Men threw themselves down upon the bank for a short rest in the cooling shade, and women climbed out of the vehicles, while the children swarmed over the wagon tongues. A patient, but quick search gave no promise of growing wild berries: and the hunters reported few signs of wild animals. But the grateful shade and the refreshing water were delightful enjoyments in the morning's travel.

"When do we reach the tops of the rocky mountains?" queried a brown-eyed, dimpled-cheeked lassie, for the hundredth time that morning.

"Ah girl, ye have plagued me enough wi' that question," responded her father. "It may be a week, it may be two; it depends altogether upon teams and weather."

The girl turned swiftly away, the eagerness in her face giving slow place to quiet resignation.

The large company of emigrants, for such they were, looked very tired, and some were illy fitted to bear the long and arduous journey. They were fleeing from the outposts of civilization to the unexplored West to find religious freedom. The leader of the company saw the disappointment in the face of the girl who had questioned, as he also detected the growing spirit of discouragement in his half-nourished party. But he was a born leader, and he knew the one sure and innocent remedy for their ills:

"Maggie," he called to the girl, "we are going to have a dancing party tonight, for we will camp beside a better stream than this, and there's grass there, enough to be used as a carpet to dance upon. For we shall reach the Sweetwater tonight. So engage you, Miss Maggie, to dance the first quadrille. Shall it be Dan Tucker?"

The girl shot a merry glance at a young man near by, who was putting the yoke upon his oxen, with always an eye in her direction, and she answered gaily,

"Indeed, and it's me you can have for your first partner. Elder Snow;" so saying, she gaily flung the leader a short courtesy and then danced out to a group of girls coming down the road to tell them the good news of the night.

The boy driving the rear wagon, just then came up with grateful eyes fastened upon the somewhat sluggish stream, which trickled its muddy way between the cottonwoods.

"Here, Tommy," called Maggie, hurrying to them with her cup, "here's a drink of water for your father; its wet, and 'deed, that's about all ye may say for it."

The man drank eagerly and much. But the warm liquid did not cool nor satisfy the fevered thirst.

"Daddy," called the boy from the wagon, "I'm bringing ye the big quilt; and ye shall lay down a bit, and rest ye while I get the oxen 'tended."

The sick man slid along the grateful comfort of the im-

provised couch and laid his burning brow beneath the shelter of the scanty cottonwoods. He had no complaints to offer, he was filled with great waves of thanksgiving and unsung praises to that Providence which had given him shelter in the heated desert.



Emigrant Camp at Wood River.
(From *Liverpool to Salt Lake.*)

About him surged the chatter and council of the camp; and then presently, at the word from the leader, these travelers quickly gathered up their scattered forces, and lumbering as swiftly as might be into the regular order of march, they were soon winding out upon the dry and burning plain once more.

"Tommy," said the sick man, as the wagons were leaving, "you yoke right up, and foller along wi' the train. Let daddy lie here and rest a bit. 'Twill do me good, lad, and I will get into camp tonight all right. So don't worry about me, lad, but jest be glad daddy can have so joyful a place to rest in. Eh, lad?"

"Ah, but daddy, ye must have yer dinner."

"Ye can leave a bite, and a cup to drink the water. But I am not much in the way o' eatin', lad."

"Oh, daddy, I wish ye'd jest let me tell Elder Snow that we have nought left to put i' our mouths save a bit of corn," whimpered the boy.

"Now Tommy, after you've been the brave lad to drive the

oxen, and to learn all these new American ways, and now ye give up in the very sight o' the hills o' Zion. Do ye not know that very few i' the company hev any more nor we to eat? Jest a bit o' American corn, and a cup to drink the cooling water. Give me the last drink before ye go, and hurry on, lad, lest ye get too far behind the train. Ye know the oxen be very slow, lad, very slow."

The boy looked the uneasiness he felt, but his father assured him, and reassured him.

"I can walk the ten or twelve miles of yer day's journey, in a very short time, Tommy; ye mind how good on the walkin' daddy always was, Tommy. Go on, lad, now go."

The boy hurried away at last, for he also feared to get too far behind the train. His father had sometimes lingered like this, and he knew the day's journey, as traveled by the heavy oxen, was not much of a tramp for a well taught Englishman. And so he drove on.

The sun burned the boy's flesh through his coarse shirt; and the parched air soon drank up the moisture he had imbibed so eagerly at the halting place. He was very lonely, and he was also farther behind than usual, because of his parley with his father. But he told himself again and again, as the moulten hours rolled away, that he was very glad that daddy was resting beside the shady stream, and he knew he could catch the camp in good bed-time, and still rest through the worst of the hot day.



Chimney Rock, Wyoming.
(From *Liverpool to Salt Lake*.)

The night was almost as sultry as the day had been. But when the wagons at the Sweetwater drew slowly around the circular space for their camp—each wagon-tongue pointed outward, while the front wheel of the hind wagon grappled the back wheel of the one in front, thus making an almost impervious corral for the cattle—the evening star was already bright in the west. The tents were soon up, surrounding the wagon-circle, and the scant supper was not long in preparing, nor in being disposed of.

Then out came the fiddle belonging to the slender little man with dark, artistically mellowed eyes; and, hugging it lovingly, he climbed up on the central wagon. Holding it to his knee, he softly tried the vibrant strings. The small, red-brown instrument had been to this English artist a singing violin, with sigh and laughter hidden in its rotund body; but now, out on the long untrodden plains of America, surrounded with a band of heart-weary, body-weak religious pilgrims, who required the occasional refreshment of innocent pleasure, he made of his darling instrument a common fiddle, with an uncommon tone, however, running through the jangling strains of "Arkansas Traveler," or the Scotch Reel. His fingers twanged and swirled, in and out, the notes dancing on the ear with such sympathetic inspiration that feet were tingling and bodies were swaying, almost before the caller could shout into the startled ears of the desert night:

"Choose your partners for the first quadrille!"

And hearts forgot to sigh, hunger was lost in merriment, and around that grassy ring there flew three score of happy, pounding feet.

"Balance to the right," and the girl—Maggie—turned her coquetish shoulders upon her first partner while she courtesied to the gentleman on her left. "And now with the left," shouted the caller, and again the "cool shoulder" was given, as a quick turn brought another swain to sue for circling favor. "Hal' a mon left," calls the prompter, with sharp American idiom, and the rosy-cheeked girl can now scarcely tear her hand from the vice-like grasp of the young fellow she has thrown over, to dance the first "set" with the leader of the company. But no response she gives the youth, but a dimpling, up-tossed cheek, as the sprite "All romenades" with her first partner.

That "set" and another, and still another, does the rosy Maggie dance, for she trips about upon the difficult sward with feather-like grace, and all the lads are eager for her partnership, to tread the merry changes. At last the stern-eyed youth swings up to claim her as his own, when a childish voice calls out of the darkness:

"Miss Maggie! Miss Maggie!" The girl turns quickly.

"That is Tommy," she breathed, with half frightened accent. "I wonder if there's anything wrong at his wagon."

The girl reached out and drew the ten-year-old child into the light of the unclouded moon, and putting her arms closely about him she asked,

"Now, Tommy dear, speak up, and tell me all thy business."

"Me father is not come into camp yet, Miss Maggie; and I do be worrin' about 'im."

The girl called to the leader,

"Elder Snow, Tommy says his father has not yet come into camp."

The man addressed gave instant attention. The dance was not altogether stopped, but a small posse of men were swiftly detailed to go back and find the missing man. Brandy and some food were also taken, as it was not uncommon for the invalid to linger in the evening camping-time.

Maggie was bent on accompanying the party, and her lover, albeit somewhat sore and silent, because of her treatment of the day, was filled with joy at this decision. For he was chosen by Elder Snow to head the searching party.

Maggie's mother and two other women joined the party, for sometimes the women were glad to have the change, and the quiet evening stroll.

They were very quiet and subdued, as they trailed their way rapidly back. But when they came upon their invalid companion, not very far from camp, his own simple gratitude and trust dispelled their forebodings, and they broke once more into song and story as they trudged back to camp.

The dance was over, however, when they returned, and most of the people had disappeared within the shelter of the sagging wagon covers.

Tommy was so overjoyed to see his father coming back to camp, that tired as was his little aching body, his spirit rose like a winged bird, and he joked and made merry all the while his father ate sparingly of the small portion of milk and parched corn left for his share.

Afterwards the father held the drooping body of his son against him for some moments in silent communion; and then, as the tired head fell against his shoulder in quick slumber, he roused the child and bade him go into the wagon to his sleep.

The child sleepily obeyed; but the father sat on the wagon tongue and watched the young couple in the wagon shadows near him, as they whispered long and delicious explanations of the day's misunderstandings into each other's happy ears.

He looked into the silent, brilliant heavens, through which the moon was swimming in seas of opalescent glory. Then, without any preamble, his weak voice began softly the singing of the hymn they all loved so well. And as he sang, the English musician in the distant wagon whispered to himself,

"The tone, the tone is very thin and strident; but ah, the soul! He has the soul of song. Could angels give it greater meaning?"

Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear,
But with joy wend your way;
Though hard to you, this journey may appear,
Grace shall be as your day.
'Tis better far for us to strive,
Our useless cares from us to drive:
Do this and joy your hearts will swell—
All is well! All is well!

As the song grew, the voice strengthened, and throbbed with hidden meaning; the young couple standing absorbed in each other, drew hurried hands in clasp as the heart-break in the voice smote their ears. Their voices hushed over the murmuring, as the strains grew higher and freer:

Why should we mourn, or think our lot is hard?
'Tis not so; all is right!
Why should we think to earn a great reward,
If we now shun the fight?

Gird up your loins, fresh courage take;
Our God will never us forsake;
And soon we'll have this tale to tell—
All is well! All is well!

The boy in the wagon stirred uneasily, as if memory were parted 'twixt times when that song had cheered the weary hour and when it had been sounded as the knell above his poor mother's lonely grave. But he was very tired; and his father sang on:

We'll find the place which God for us prepared,
Far away in the West;
Where none shall come to hurt, nor make afraid;
There the Saints will be blessed;
We'll make the air with music ring—
Shout praises to our God and King:
Above the rest these words we'll tell—
All is well! All is well!

The leader of the company stole out of the shadows, moved by the pathos of the gentle voice, and sat down on the wagon-tongue by the singer. He was inwardly stirred by some swift and prophetic emotion. But like all strong men, he could not easily voice his thoughts. And so he sat quietly by, while the voice swept slowly, surely on. His quick eye noted the silent, reverently listening young couple near, and he also saw the curtains of a dozen near-by wagons softly lifted, while the inmates joined in spirit with that solitary voice. Surely the invalid had known a hard and lonely day, to be so moved upon tonight; the leader resolved to exercise a more careful oversight in the future over this lonely father and son. His own burdens were many as the bearer of the whole, but he must add this particular care to his other general ones. He would speak about it in the morning. And so, each listening heart carried on its own wave of thought or response, as was nature's own indubitable way.

But now, the father has paused a moment, to listen for any tiny call of protest which may come from the boy within his own wagon, before he begins the last verse; but the dusty, long and weary day had safe-locked the doors of slumber for Tommy's tired eyes, and the man began the last verse, singing it very softly at

first, but letting all his worn spirit soar to God and wife, in the hope so sweetly couched in that closing verse:

And should we die before our journey's through,
Happy day! all is well!
We then are free from toil and sorrow too;
With the just we shall dwell.
But if our lives are spared again
To see the Saints their rest obtain,
O, how we'll make this chorus swell—
All is well! All is well!

And then, with the last floating notes the shadows of the night and sleep encompassed every weary soul, the invalid crept into his wagon, and even the lovers returned, and they, too, soon forgot their new-born joy in the solemn renewal of life and slumber.

* * * * *

When they called loudly to arouse the over-tired Tommy from his boyish sleep, because the morning sun was once more springing up from the pinkish-gray horizon, they found the father and son still, and resting. And when Tommy roused and looked upon



Great Salt Lake.

the white, still features of his father, and knew that he, too, was with God, the glory of the slightly parted lips, the peace in the softly-solemn features, hushed the frightened cry which gurgled to his throat, and he threw himself upon that quiet breast, sobbing gently, but, oh, so heart-brokenly,

"Oh, daddy, daddy, all is well with you—but, oh, daddy—daddy!"

Salt Lake City, Utah.

WAITING.

(*Selected.*)

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea,
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me,
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw,
The brooks that spring in yonder heights,
So flows the good with equal law,
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea,
Nor time, nor space, nor deep nor high
Can keep my own away from me.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

REMINISCENCES OF THE PIONEERS OF 1854.

BY LYDIA D. ALDER.

The spring of 1854 was as balmy, its verdure as delicate and green, as any perhaps that had preceded it, or has followed after. The 18th of May, of that year, saw a company of about fifty leave St. Louis on a fine, river steamer, their destination being the City of the Saints. As the boat swung from its moorings, some who had left their native shores, far o'er the sea, were softly singing:

All the way to Zion, all the way to Zion,
All the way to Zion, we'll follow thee.

A joy and peace that the world knows not of reigns in their hearts; the eye of faith already beholds Zion, the goal of their hopes. The mighty Mississippi, in majesty and power, sweeps by them; the spring drift-wood, whirling in the foaming eddies, passes them swiftly, now on this side, then on that, while at different points, stacked on the river's bank, are thousands of cords of wood. Impressive as the scene may be by day, it is awe-inspiring at night. The red lights of the passing steamers, the sonorous bells answering each other; miles and miles of dense groves of trees; the blinking lights of the scattered habitations, all add to the solemnity of the night. The loud clanging bells denote a stop. The gang plank is run out, and scores of deck hands scramble, heavy laden, on shore, returning with freight, or stores of logs to feed the ever hungry engine.

Thus the days pass away, a song, a prayer at morning, a benediction in the evening. On the morning that the landing place is reached all is excitement, all are full of hope. At last the Saints and their belongings are scattered on the river's low bank, the steame

hurries away, and for the first time a feeling of loneliness falls on them, as they watch her departure.

Ere night-fall a camp is formed some distance from the river, and preparations begun for the long journey across the Western wilds.

The stay on Salt Creek is necessarily of some duration. For this, the delayed arrival of the cattle and some of the outfitings is responsible. Everything is new and strange to them; so many things to arrange, to get acquainted with, the cattle to name; yokes to fit, wagons to load, everything to be gotten in readiness.

A few days after the arrival of the St. Louis party, another steamer puffs up to the bank, and leaves a company of about the same number. A few of these are Saints from Nova Scotia, but the most are from New Brunswick.

They choose to camp on the hill, overlooking the other camp, and the river. Apparently they are a healthy, strong people, of kindly disposition, for many kind words were exchanged as they climb up the hill. As the smoke curls high from their campfires, on the stilly evening air floats the melody of song:

Jesus mighty King in Zion,
Thou alone our guide shall be.
Thy commission we rely on,
We will follow none but thee.

Those on the low land respond:

All the way to Zion, all the way to Zion,
All the way to Zion we'll follow thee.

Between was a funeral knell, that was wafted on the air from the upper camp, and somebody's loved one was laid to rest. There are too many perplexities to meet, too much to be done, to sit down and weep, so the songs of Zion, mornings and evenings rise to God. Soon another funeral dirge sounds from the upper camp, then it is whispered by ashy lips, "the cholera has broken out." So rapidly it spreads, that soon there are scarcely any left who are able to lay away the dead. Consternation prevails in both camps; then Brother James' little girl, six or seven years old, died in the lower camp. Some kindly heart suggests, "has any one a box suitable to place her in?" and a good English sister,

took her wardrobe out of the one she brought across the sea, and in it the little darling was laid tenderly away.

Sad to tell, as the days pass by, there is no respite from the Destroyer. Nearly all those in the upper camp have died. A hole is dug for each one, some kind hand rolls them up in the clothes they died in, and hides all away from mortal sight. Sometimes a faint voice sings:

Farewell, all earthly honors,
I bid you all adieu;
Farewell, all sinful pleasures,
I want no more of you.
I want my habitation
On that eternal soil,
Beyond the power of Satan,
Where sin can not defile.

But more often they were lowered to the grave, in a profound silence.

With a dumb anguish, born of their desperate condition, the few left of the upper camp, came down with their friends. Even then, eyes that could see the god of Day mount his golden car in the morning, were closed forever before his glorious going down. My parents, George Dunford and wife, with their children, Harry, Morely and myself, were of the lower camp, and all escaped the plague. Often, in after years, I have heard my mother speak of the scenes of that dreadful day. At the witching hour, between daylight and dark, she would gather us around her knee and portray to us the events of that sorrowful time. "There was a Sister Ballinger," she said, "whom I met in St. Louis. She had many nice things and among them a new feather bed. Well, she died on that bed. A hole was dug, she was rolled up in her feather bed, with all that was about her, and placed in it. An elder who had a good voice stood by the open grave and sang in a soulful way:

There is sweet rest in heaven,
There is sweet rest in heaven,
There is sweet rest, there is sweet rest,
There is sweet rest in heaven.

And the next day he was laid unsung in his own grave. That evening Apostle Orson Pratt, *en route* to Utah from a foreign mis-

sion, reached the camp. "It is the water," he said, "get under way at once, or you will all die." So terrible was the scourge that very few ever recovered who were seized by it. On June 19th, a fair, sunny day, they broke camp, bidding farewell to so many of those who with glowing anticipations had been their comrades, and landed there with them less than a month before.

Health and hope return as they wend their way over the wide prairies of Nebraska, though a few more are added to the list of "The Wayside Dead," but over them they place the wild flowers that abound there.

At the Big Blue, they camp for some time to make some required changes and better arrangement of things that had been hurriedly left unfinished. Nearing Laramie, it was learned that the Indians had made an attack on an emigrant train, and that many had been murdered and scalped. When this point was reached they traveled all night, so as to leave the place as far as possible behind. With what terror, then, did they watch, a few days later, the approach of what proved to be two hundred and fifty Pawnees who surrounded them and camp, as though for an indefinite time. All men stood guard that night, no one slept. The Indians demand provisions, which are gladly given. A little later, they ride away, leaving the train unmolested, and the people wonderfully happy, for this unusual, almost unlooked for occurrence. About this time some of the company became dissatisfied with Captain Field's manner of leading the train. Sometimes he would make thirty miles in one day, then rest a day or two for the cattle to recruit; at other times he would travel far into the night, much against the wishes of his friends. When this became unbearable, the late Isaac Groo said, "All who will follow me, come now, I will lead you." Next morning nineteen wagons followed his lead, another—a mule team—caught up with them next day. My parents followed Captain Groo, and never regretted it, for he led the company by easy stages into Salt Lake arriving on September 19, 1854, the first company of the season, and two weeks before those arrived who remained with Captain Fields who, by the way, soon left Utah, going to California, where he died.

The only serious Indian trouble occurred near a sand bank, in which at times the wagon wheels sank to the hubs. They camped

by a little stream, willows growing on its bank; over it they drove the cattle for feed. The writer, then a tiny girl, came into camp with a piece of wood picked from a grave, among the buffalo chips. On it a warning was written, "Do not camp here, but go on three miles; if you camp here, do not drive your cattle over the creek." Too late, too late, the cattle were over, scattered among the brush. That night the Indians drove the greater part of them off, though extra guards had been stationed to prevent it. The night was a sleepless one, full of suspense. Early in the morning from the tops of the high mountains, the Indians were seen waving their blankets in token of triumph. However, most of the cattle were found by the searching party, though some of them were shot by poisoned arrows. Among these was a fine yellow cow, and my mother said she moaned almost like a human being until she died.

At another time some of the people camped before the others on a hill, which was found to be three miles from water, and off the road. Captain Groo ordered the cattle to be attached to the tongue of the wagon, while heavy chains were pulled by three or four stalwarts, to hold them back. Thus they safely descended the steep place, and reached the road, saving thereby about seven miles around it. At another time, where they camped they found a dead Indian hanging in a tree, sewed up in his blankets, with his pipe, tobacco and other things. One reckless fellow took the pipe and tobacco, after cutting him down, then burned the tree. Captain Groo was very angry, and commanded him to replace everything as he had found it, hanging the Indian to another tree. This desecration might have caused the massacre of the whole company.

Of this party but few remain today. Among them are S. W. Parkinson, of Franklin, Idaho, and Sister Anderson, mother of James H. Anderson, of Salt Lake. Perhaps all the others were children at that time. The train has gone to the Grand Encampment over the Silent River. On the survivors lingers the glory of the setting sun, so brilliant just before it goes down. Even the children of those pioneers are passing over, one by one, to the camp on the other side. What does it matter? Thousands upon thousands sing the praises of the pioneers today. The unterrified,

who braved untold dangers, unknown vicissitudes, to plant their feet among the everlasting hills of Zion, and place their genealogy in the eternal archives of the Temples of God. Nor will they or their works be forgotten, for what a man does shall live after him. In their posterity they live again. They are messengers encompassing land and sea, scattering wide the gospel seed, the coming of that Perfect Day.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

M. I. A. CONVENTIONS, 1908.

The following appointments have been made for the M. I. A. conventions, 1908. In case any changes are desired in the dates given, the stake superintendents should immediately consult with their stake presidencies and arrange for a new date, and notify the General Boards of the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A.:

Alpine, Beaver, Bannock, Emery, Juab, Malad, Pocatello, San Luis, Hyrum, St. George, Bear Lake—August 30.

Taylor, Cassia, Granite, Teton, Ensign, Jordan, Nebo, Weber, Parowan, North Davis, San Juan, Sevier, Fremont, Rigby—September 6.

Alberta, Liberty, Star Valley, South Sanpete, Wasatch, Cache, Wayne, Uintah, South Davis, Tooele—September 13.

Big Horn, Oneida, Blackfoot, Summit, Millard, Pioneer, Box Elder, Salt Lake, Panguitch—September 20.

North Sanpete, Woodruff, Union, Benson, Bingham, Morgan, Utah, Kanab—September 27.

The Arizona and Mexico stakes to be arranged for later.

BOSTON Y. M. M. I. A.

By letter from Elder Gerrard, of Boston, Massachusetts, we learn that on January 5, this year, a Mutual Improvement Association in the Boston branch of the New England conference was organized with a full corps of officers, and a membership of twenty-five. The manual for 1905-6 was used for study, and the association held twenty sessions, the pleasure of the study increasing with each lesson. Seventy-five per cent in attendance and preparation is reported. Visitors express pleasure in the treatment of the subject and also in hearing the preliminary program. The class work will be discontinued during the summer, but will be resumed again with a view to keeping up with Mutual work all the time. "The ERA is an able factor in helping to preach the gospel and we wish the magazine success. Following are the officers of the association: Samuel Gerrard, president; N. F. Bingham (now released), S. S. Green, Mabel Richards, aids; Leah Smith, secretary; Lida Edmonds, assistant; H. G. Smurthwaite, organist; Ethel Williams, assistant; E. H. G. Williams, chorister."

EMILY WELLS GRANT.

BY NEPHI ANDERSON.

[Emily Wells Grant was born in Salt Lake City, April 22, 1857. She was married on May 27, 1884, and died on May 25, 1908. Her funeral occurred on May 27, the 24th anniversary of her wedding. The mental suffering which she endured without complaint, when she learned that the disease which had fastened itself upon her was fatal, marks her as patient and heroic as she was good and loving. At the services Bishop T. A. Clawson presided; President Anthon H. Lund offered the opening prayer, and Elder Richard W. Young the benediction; the Ensign-Pyper-Whitney-Spencer quartette sang, "Thou Dost not Weep to Weep Alone," "O My Father," "Resting Now, from Care and Sorrow," and "Not Dead, but Sleepeth." Discourses full of comfort, light and encouragement, were delivered by Elders Orson F. Whitney and Rudger Clawson. The pall bearers were Rulon, Melvin, Gershon, Victor, Lewis and Charles Wells.—EDITORS.]

Under the shade of overhanging trees stands No. 10, Holly Road, in Liverpool, England, which for three years was the headquarters of the European mission of the Church. It lies away from the bustle and noise and grime of the big city—hidden away among the quietude of trees and grass and vines; and as I now look back on that abode of work and rest, it comes forcibly to me that the good angel of that house was Sister Emily Wells Grant. She and her children were there, accompanying the husband and father, Elder Heber J. Grant, who presided over the mission.

Sister Grant was not a woman who took delight in public displays or social functions. Her sphere was the home. There she reigned, and lived out her ideals with husband, children and friends; and the elders who had the privilege of laboring in the Liverpool office during her stay there partook of that homelike kindness and consideration which was innate in her, and which displayed itself through family and friends about her.

Sister Grant was a woman who, because of her reticence, was not easy to know, but whom to know was to love and respect. She

belonged to that class of noble women who deep in the heart have an abiding testimony of the truth, and who, though they do not often proclaim that testimony in public speech, more eloquently proclaim it through the silent examples of their lives.

How patient and uncomplaining she was, even at the last when she knew that her earthly days were few! With solicitous care for her mother, she lingered but a few days after that mother passed away, and then she too followed into the great beyond.

Peace be to her memory. That memory is to me as a garden of cool, green shade and sweet-scented flowers, amid life's wildness of trial and endeavor—and I am sure it is such also to all who knew her well.

Much might be said about Sister Grant, but were I to say more, I fear that my wordiness might not meet with the full approval of that sensitive soul who has gone back to the great Father and to the paradise of God.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

BE ALIVE.

If you expect to accomplish anything in this world you must be alive,—very much alive,—alive all over. Some people seem half dormant. They impress you as partial possibilities,—as people who have discovered only a small part of the continent within themselves. Most of it remains undeveloped territory.

A man who does things is one who is alive to the very tips of his fingers. He is alert, always on the watch for opportunities. He does not give idleness time to dissipate him. He fights against that common malady known as a "tired feeling," and conquers it.

Many a man is wondering why he does not succeed, while his desk, at which he sits, tells the story of his life, and shows the limitations of his capability. The scattered papers, the unfiled letters, the disorderly drawers, the dust in the pigeon-holes, the layers of newspapers, of letters, of manuscripts, of pamphlets, of empty envelopes, of slips of paper, are all telltales.

If I were to hire a clerk, I would ask no better recommendation than would be afforded by the condition of his desk, or table, or room, or workbench, or counter, or books. We are all surrounded by telltales which are constantly proclaiming the stories of our lives, cover them up as we will. Our manner, our gait, our conversation, the glance of the eye, the carriage of the body, every garment we wear, our collars, neckties and cuffs, are all telling our life stories to the world.

We wonder why we do not get on faster, but these tiny biographers often tell the secret of our poverty, our limitations, our inferior positions.—*Success.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

AMUSEMENT AND RECREATION.

In no other way are the ever-contending principles of right and wrong, good and bad, more strongly engaged in the fight for supremacy than in the furnishing of entertainment for the people.

Those who cater to the public, of course, seek to provide what the public will pay for. It is a matter of dollars and cents with them; and with the public, it is a matter of being amused and entertained.

But what people enjoy in amusement as well as in entertainment is largely a matter of education. The taste for these things is like any other appetite; it grows by the food it receives; and it learns to enjoy the food to which it becomes accustomed, whether that is for the best or for the worst.

With a thorough knowledge of this fact, the class of amusements and entertainments that children shall early become accustomed to is of vital importance. For that matter, it is of great moment also what men and women of maturer years shall choose, both because of their own welfare and because of the effect their example will have upon their own children, and upon the community in general. With this understanding, it should be every person's duty and pleasure to choose such recreation as will whet his appetite for that which is good and right, and which will tend upward and not downward, towards the exalted in character, not the trivial and the silly.

It cannot be denied that the proneness of the present age is toward the frivolous, the obscene and the low. There is a tendency to shun the opposite. This is true particularly of the theater.

Here the legitimate will not draw. A striking illustration was witnessed in our own city only a short time ago when a first-class actor of strong personal attraction undertook to present a series of Shakesperian plays in the Salt Lake theater. They were at first so poorly patronized that had he not been persistent, and in possession of means to devote to his art, the presentations must have failed. At the same time, there were more than a dozen licensed show houses in operation in the city, and these were largely patronized by both old and young. The programs in these places are often anything but elevating; they are frequently unnatural and morally illegitimate, portraying rude scenes of murder, vulgarity, lust and lechery, wholly unfit for enjoyment of the right kind.

It is not alone to the theaters to which people rush for the abnormal and the ultra-exciting. In our other amusements, the quiet, the legitimate and the orderly do not appear to suffice; the hazardous, the dangerous, that which unnaturally agitates and stirs the feelings is sought after instead. So we are trained to have elevated railroads, schutes, and any other device where danger is apparent and where great excitement may be awakened in the mind.

All this appears to me to be education in the wrong direction; it is food for the young mind which causes growth towards the bad; it aids mightily in the fight of wrong to gain the mastery over right.

To expect people to go out into nature for enjoyment—to have quiet walks, to admire the clear streams, the woods, the glorious mountains, the flowers, the trees, the grasses, the glens, valleys and canyons—seems to be too tame a pleasure for the present age. So are simple games and amusements. The child's mind, it would appear from our practice, is taught to be stirred to excitement by artificial means, all of which has a tendency to unnatural growth, to nerve-trouble and other evils, moral, mental and physical. Our duty lies in cultivating a better taste in the choice of amusements, and a more rational preference in recreation.

In this connection, a word to parents on example in amusement may not be taken amiss. Children, we all admit, must have recreation. It is not quite the right thing to work the boy sixteen

hours a day on the farm, without giving him some little time for the proper kind of recreation. That time should be given during the week, and not on Sunday. A good Latter-day Saint will not devote the whole week, year in and year out, to worldly labors and then loiter about on Sunday, unkempt and untidy, neglecting his religious duties, and still expect to enjoy the spirit of the gospel. He will not work around home all day Sunday, or visit pleasure resorts, and expect his children to attend to their duties on that day.

It would seem, then, that a day, or a half day, given to proper recreation, rest and amusement, during the week is what we need and should have for ourselves and our boys—and why not include the girls and the overworked mothers? As for employers, they would get better service from their help, if this were done, especially if they would then insist upon their help giving up their night and Sunday excursions for so-called pleasure. And this, of course, should also be insisted upon in the family. The tendency to be out almost every night in the week, on some exciting pleasure bent, deserves to be strongly discouraged, both for moral and financial reasons.

Training ourselves and our children to enjoy moderate recreation of the right kind, and providing ourselves and them with an appropriate time to engage in it, so that it shall not interfere with our worship of God, are important considerations in our family government.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

CROWDED OUT.

A number of articles, mission messages, events, and the M. I. A. June conference minutes, crowded out of this number, will appear with many attractive and instructive papers in the August number of the ERA.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS.

President Ray L. Pratt sends the ERA a cheering word from Mexico, under date of May 14, with a group picture of all the missionaries laboring in the Mexi-



Back Row: Zenos M. Lowe, Wm. H. Staker, Derando V. Farnsworth, Wm. P. Foutz, Leslie M. Coombs.
 Middle Row: Simon Y. Beck, W. J. Stevens, May Pratt, Della L. Wilkins, Leroy P. Cardon, N. N. Pickett.
 Front Row: L. Burton Readd, Nephi W. Thayne, Prest. Rey L. Pratt, J. Ralph Wilkins, John W. Frows.

can mission, fourteen elders and two sisters. He says: 'We are few in number, but the Lord is blessing us abundantly, and we rejoice in our labors among these Lamanites whom we know to be a covenant people of the Lord. Success is attending us on every hand. Many people are investigating the principles of the gospel, and becoming convinced of their truth. During the past six months 41 persons in the mission have been baptized. All the elders are in the best of health. Mexico is a strong Catholic country, and the Catholic church has held almost universal sway over the people for centuries; but their power is less today than it ever was before. There seems to be a spirit of awakening, as from a deep sleep, and the people are beginning to look for better things, and are investigating and accepting the truth. We believe in the promises of the Lord made to this his covenant people, who are of the house of Israel, and we know that they will all be fulfilled. Our prayer and desire is that we may be humble and faithful instruments in his hands in working out his purposes, and helping to fulfil his promises made unto this people; and to this end we are directing our efforts.'

President Soren Rasmussen, of the Scandinavian Mission, sends the ERA this message from Copenhagen, under date of May 11. 'Only a few days ago I returned from my spring conference trip through the mission. I had a very pleasant and profitable trip, and am very pleased to say that the conferences all through were very successful, the halls and meeting houses being crowded with Saints and friends, many of the latter being earnest investigators of the Gospel. In all our meetings the Spirit of the Lord was poured out upon us in great abundance. The elders are laboring very faithfully, and as a rule enjoy the spirit of their calling. The auxiliary organizations are in a very fair condition, and I have made a point to work up a greater interest in these organizations, but with two exceptions they meet and labor together conjointly with the young ladies. Our enrollment of the young men is 284, but a great many more attend these meetings. Of the number enrolled one third are not members of the Church, and nearly all the visitors are non-members. A renewed effort will be made to increase our attendance and membership; in fact, I feel that the prospects for the work of the Lord in these lands are indeed good.'

Elder Nephi Jensen who, on arrival in the field, spent the first two or three months of his time on the old *Elders' Journal* and later, after the consolidation of the paper with *Liahona*, took a missionary trip to parts of Georgia and Florida, and who last September was appointed secretary of the Southern States Mission, writes under date of May 25, from Chattanooga, Tenn: 'The elders throughout the mission are meeting with success. The old bitterness of the past has been removed and the people now generally treat the elders kindly. In a number of instances preachers of other denominations have thrown open the doors of their churches to the servants of God. An immense amount of literature is being distributed; nine hundred and eighty-eight copies of the Book of Mormon have already been sold during the year 1908. There have already been 230 baptisms in the mission this year. Last year we added 843 converts to the fold.' There are now 14,000 members of the Church in the Southern States Mission.

SEVENTY'S COUNCIL TABLE.

BY B. H. ROBERTS, MEMBER OF THE FIRST COUNCIL.

Sustaining the Presidents of the Respective Quorums Annually.—It has been frequently asked why it is that the presidents forming the councils of the respective quorums of Seventy are not sustained at the quarterly conferences of the Stakes of Zion, or at any other of the meetings of the wards and stakes of the Church. The only reasonable answer that occurs to the First Council with reference to the matter is, that these quorums of priesthood are not stake quorums but general quorums of the Church, and no part of a stake organization. It was the custom with the First Council for many years, when visiting the quorums, to submit the names of the presidents before the quorum meeting for their approval. A custom, by the way, which of late has fallen more or less into disuse; and often when it was followed there was no regularity in the matter, some quorums having the opportunity to vote upon their presidents once or twice a year and other quorums not oftener than once in two or three or four years, according as they were visited or not visited by members of the First Council. After duly taking into account all these irregularities, it has occurred to the First Council that it would be a good plan to establish some regularity in this matter for all the quorums of the Seventy. And inasmuch as the first Sunday in November has become something of a noted day in the Seventy's work, that being the time at which our new working conditions went into operation last year, and will doubtless be the Sunday on which from year to year the quorums will commence their Year Book work—it has been decided by the First Council that it would be well to make the first Sunday in November the occasion for a special quorum meeting at which there shall be a thorough consideration of all quorum matters, a general winding up of the past year's work and the inauguration of the coming year's plans; and among the items of business that shall regularly be attended to shall be the formal presentation of the names of the presidents, secretary, treasurer, class teachers, and other members of the quorums appointed to special duties in the respective quorums, for acceptance and approval by vote of the quorum. By settling upon this first Sunday in November, for such a meeting and the transaction of such quorum business as it may be found necessary to attend to, it will enable the secretaries of the quorums in making their annual reports, which are expected to be in the hands of the general secretary by the 31st of December, to state the facts of the presidents being unanimously sustained or otherwise, in said report. The councils of the respective quorums, therefore, will take notice of this arrangement and set apart the first Sunday in November for the work designated in the foregoing instructions.

The 1907-8 Year Book.—We call the attention of the presidents of quorums once more to the Year Book for 1907-8. There are now on hand about one thousand copies of this Year Book, and we again suggest to the presidents the im-

portance of having a supply of these on hand, not only for their present membership but a few for those who will in the near future be coming into the quorum. The first part of this Year Book, dealing as it does with the history, organization and duties of the Seventy will always be of permanent value, and quorums should be anxious that their new members as well as the old, should have copies of this work. Also we suggest to the brethren now having copies, that they preserve them for the purpose of binding them up in a volume with the Year Books that will succeed this first one, as we are very sure that the Seventy's course in theology, as-it develops from year to year, will be of first rate importance to those who shall follow it. Save your Year Books, then, for binding, and let each quorum lay in store a few books for incoming members, and as new members join the quorums, the presidents should urge them to make themselves acquainted with the callings and duties of the Seventies as set forth in the first three lessons of the present Year Book.

Endorsement of Bishop to Seventy's Recommendation of Men for Missions.—It seems difficult to get our presidents to rightly understand the *modus operandi* of recommending the names of members of their quorums for prospective missionaries. Irregularities in this line are occurring more or less all the time. Whenever the First Council send for the names of Seventies who are worthy and probably in condition physically and financially to fill a mission, it is understood that when the presidents, to the best of their ability, make the selection for the required number, for two, or three, or four, they will present the names they have selected—together with the result of their inquiries in regard to age, knowledge of the gospel, physical condition, whether they have filled missions whether they speak one or more languages, if they are married, healthy, etc., etc.,—to the bishop for his endorsement. Every blank returned to the general secretary with these names should have the endorsement of the bishop to each name so recommended and when the individual Seventy is corresponded with, his answer to the First Council's inquiry should also receive his bishop's endorsement. If the presidents of quorums and the brethren corresponded with would be more careful to follow these two items of instruction, much unpleasantness would be avoided, both for the local councils and for the First Council. In addition to sending names to the First Council on their request, it is to be understood that the councils in the respective quorums may at any time suggest the names of members of their quorums for missions to the First Council. It might be that they know of worthy men in the quorum who would be prepared immediately to go upon missions if they received a call, and we desire to have it understood that at any time the councils of our quorums know of men who are qualified and able to go on missions, they are at liberty to make their recommendations to the First Council at any time, and we shall be glad to receive these occasional recommendations as well as when we formally call upon them for the submission of names. Our presidents should be so familiar with their members that they would know their worthiness and preparedness at any time they are ready for this noble service in the interest of the cause of God. Be alert, brethren, and feel free to recommend to the First Council at any time the names of the members of your quorums who are prepared for this work of the holy ministry.

Avoid Doctrinal Discussions in the Present Year's Work.—From the nature of questions asked by correspondence from various quorums, as also from oral reports bearing on the same subject, we are led to believe that many of our quorums in their class work are allowing themselves to absorb altogether too much time in discussing technical doctrinal subjects; and are losing sight of the general purpose of this year's course of study. We have time and again explained it in this Table, as also in the Introduction of the Year Book itself, that our present purpose is not to consider doctrinal questions, especially technical, and sometimes unprofitable questions, but that it is our aim to make a rapid survey of the scriptures, to become acquainted with them as books; to learn something of the history of the scriptures and something of the respective books as literature. If we accomplish this object in the present year's course of study, we will have plenty of cause for congratulating ourselves upon our achievements; and also we will have all we can do to attain that end without halting to discuss now the hundred and one useless and often senseless, time-worn questions that make up the stock in trade of some inquisitive minds. Let this course be abandoned, and let our members concentrate their minds upon the achievements of the specific purpose we have in view in the present year's studies. Men will learn, in time, that there are some questions that we know nothing about, and that the Lord has not seen proper to reveal anything about; and until there is new knowledge, either by discovery of new light in old revelations, or else further revelation on the subject, we shall have to remain in ignorance about such matters. In the meantime, let our classes adhere strictly to the purpose we hope to accomplish in the present year's work, and we will have plenty of opportunity for the consideration of doctrinal matters in future years when we get into that realm of study.

The Era the Organ of the Seventy.—Very much to our astonishment, we have learned that one of our presidents in a local quorum of the Seventy has discouraged efforts to secure subscribers for the IMPROVEMENT ERA among the Seventies, on the ground that the ERA is not the organ of our quorums, that it only contains a few paragraphs each month about Seventy's work, and that these paragraphs on Seventy's business do not constitute it an organ for this division of the priesthood. We were very much surprised to hear such a thing as this, and most of all astonished that such a narrow view was taken of the general contents of the ERA. In addition to these few paragraphs each month under the regular title, "Council Table," there are the editorials of the magazine, very many of which are of first class importance to our Seventies, as they deal with matters of doctrine, Church history, and the like, with all of which our Seventies should desire to be in touch. Then there are special articles of doctrine by some of the first writers in the Church, and the general literature of the magazine is suitable for the reading of our Seventies. We sincerely trust that the one case to which our attention has been called—where a president of the Seventy discouraged subscriptions to the ERA on the ground that it is not the Seventy's organ and only valuable to the Seventy because of the "Seventy's Council Table"—is the only case in existence, but lest it should not be so, we write this paragraph to correct any such notion, and desire our Seventy everywhere to understand that the IM-

PROVEMENT ERA is the Seventy's organ, and we expect them to sustain it loyally, not merely from a sense of duty that they should sustain an organ which bears their name, but for the reason that the current literature of it is absolutely necessary to the Seventy for his instruction in the developing doctrine and theology of the Church. Of all men, the Seventy should be attached to the ERA, and we commend it to their consideration.

More on Seeing God.—At a recent Council Table (May number) we took up the matter of the manner in which the Prophet Joseph Smith saw God, and sought to harmonize it with certain passages in the Doctrine and Covenants, about no man without the Melchizedek Priesthood being able to see the face of God in the flesh and live, etc. Since the writing of the paragraph, Brother J. B. Riplinger, of Rexburg, Idaho, writes us, and in substance suggests the following as a solution, which may be satisfying to the minds of some who inquire upon this subject, and certainly suggests an additional idea to those already advanced at this Table. Brother Riplinger says:

I have been asked this question frequently when on my mission, and I think by reading the statement of the Prophet himself at the end of his vision, he gives almost a straight answer to the question—(as to how he saw God). He says: "When I came to myself again, I found myself lying on my back looking up into heaven. When the light had departed I had no strength, but soon recovering, in some degree, I went home." (*History of the Church*, Vol. I, p. 6). Would not this say plainly that during the vision with the heavenly beings, the spirit of the Prophet had left his body temporarily, else why should his body fall back to the earth? Would it not have been while the spirit was absent from the body during the vision? This would harmonize the event with the scripture which says, no man can see God *in the flesh* and live. I do not know whether these views on this point are correct and agree with yours, but for the sake of the better understanding, on the part of the brethren who are burdened with this question, it seems to me that the Prophet has very nearly explained the matter himself."

Pronunciation of Book of Mormon Names.—By the time this number of the ERA reaches the hands of the Seventies, their lessons will be in the American volume of scripture—the Book of Mormon, and doubtless it will be to their advantage to know the rules governing the pronunciation of Book of Mormon proper names. In 1903, a Book of Mormon convention was held at the Brigham Young University, Provo, and a committee was appointed to report to said convention the principles that should govern the pronunciation of Book of Mormon names. Following is the body of the committee's report:

- (1) Words of two syllables to be accented on the first syllable.
 - (2) Words of three syllables to be accented on the second syllable, with these exceptions, which are to be accented on the first syllable, namely: Amlici (c soft); Amulon, Antipas, Antipus, Corihor, Cumeni, Curelom, Deseret, Gazelam, Helaman, Joneam, Korihor, Tubaloth.
 - (3) Words of four syllables to be accented on the third syllable, with the following exceptions, which are to be accented on the second syllable, namely: Abinadi, Abinadom, Amalickiah, Aminadi, Aminadab.
- Ch is always to be pronounced as K.
 G at the beginning of a name to be always pronounced "hard."
 I final always to take the long sound of the vowel.
 The accepted pronunciation of Bible names to be followed.

EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON.

Monument to Hirini Whaanga.—On Decoration day a splendid monument was dedicated to the memory of this celebrated Maori chief. Appropriate ceremonies were held at the Salt Lake City Cemetery, and an address was given by President Joseph F. Smith. The monument is located in the north end of the city cemetery.

Ocean Speed Record.—The *Lusitania* made another trans-Atlantic speed record on May 22, from England. The voyage to New York was made in 4 days, 20 hours and 22 minutes. The best run for a single day was 632 knots; and the hourly speed average was 24.83 knots. The ship surpassed all previous records in all three particulars.

Another State for Prohibition.—On May 26, a law enacted by the last session of the North Carolina State Legislature was submitted to a referendum, and adopted by the people of the state by a majority vote of more than 40,000. This makes five Southern States that have adopted prohibition,—Oklahoma and Georgia, where the law is now in force; and Alabama and Mississippi, where it will take effect January 1, 1909.

Delegates to the Democratic National Convention.—On June 12, the Democratic State Convention of Utah, met in Salt Lake City, and named six delegates and six alternates to the National Convention, at Denver July 8. A large number of delegates from all parts of the State were present. N. T. Porter, of Davis county was chosen permanent chairman, and John L. Herrick, of Weber county, secretary. Delegates and alternates were elected as follows:

Delegates—O. W. Powers, Salt Lake; W. H. King, Salt Lake; Samuel Newhouse, Salt Lake; Mrs. H. J. Hayward, Salt Lake; Abel J. Evans, Utah county; S. S. Smith, Weber county.

Alternates—W. F. Olsen, Carbon county; T. H. Fitzgerald, Salt Lake county; Chas. H. Humphries, Weber county; L. P. Nielsen, Sanpete county; Mrs. Sarah Ventress, Salt Lake; J. D. Call, Box Elder county.

Hon. Frank L. Nebeker, of Cache county, was elected National Committeeman, to succeed the late Hon. D. H. Peery, deceased. The convention instructed the delegates to cast their vote as a unit for Hon. William Jennings Bryan, as

their candidate for President of the United States. Speeches were made by Hon. B. H. Roberts, W. H. King, O. W. Powers and others.

Statue of the Prophet Joseph.—For two and a half years Mahonri M. Young, under commission of the Church, has worked upon a life-size statue of Joseph Smith, the Prophet. It is now completed, in plaster, and will be cast in bronze later, and given a place in the Temple. It was on exhibition at the Bureau of Information during the M. I. A. conference. It is pronounced by competent people who have seen it to be the most skilfully executed piece of statuary ever shown in Utah, giving a strength of character to the prophet which no portrait heretofore has ever delineated. The youthful face is strong, and is shown in a front view, the large eyes and kindly countenance presenting unusual animation, even in the plaster. The figure is in full dress suit, with a bow tie. The right arm rests on a walking stick, the head of which is held in the palm of the right hand, the fingers closed over it. On the third finger is the famous signet ring, presented to the prophet early in the history of the Church. The left arm is bent with a cloak thrown over it, and a copy of the Book of Mormon in the hand. The shoes are square-toed, as was the fashion some seventy-five years ago. The artist gathered his facts for description from every available source, and from these formed his own conception of the likeness, and built the statue to conform.

What the "Mormons" Are.—It appears from the daily papers that a public announcement has been printed in the columns of the *East Oregonian* by what is said to be a prominent member of the "Mormon" Church in Ogden, in which he announces that he will gladly invest in any cheap property in "dry" territory. This announcement has impelled the editor of the *Oregonian* to pay the following truthful tribute to the "Mormons," as copied in the *Pocatello Tribune*:

The "Mormons" have revolutionized Grand Ronde valley farming methods. They have simply converted large portions of that valley into a paradise of small farms, highly cultivated garden and orchard tracts, and have added millions to the wealth of the county without reclaiming any new land or increasing the tillable area of the county. The wealth they have added has come through intensive methods. They have multiplied the values of existing property, without extending the borders of the farming districts. They would do the same for Pendleton and Umatilla county. They would start a dozen small industries in the vacated saloons of this city, and would make every acre in Umatilla county produce from two to three times its present yield. They are also school builders, home builders, lovers of music, good society and an elevated home life, and with the coming of the "Mormons" into this county a new era would begin. It is significant to note that you never see a "Mormon" in a poor house, and scarcely ever see one of them in jail. Their methods of living, their teachings, their life work, keep them out of these two Gentile institutions.

This is the reputation, and a very truthful one, of the "Mormons." It is incumbent upon the young people of the Latter-day Saints to maintain this reputation in every respect.

"We Cannot."—We cannot, *non possumus*, are the words containing the reply of Pope Pius X to M. Briand, who has charge of the separation law in

France. It will be remembered that about a year and a half ago the French government repealed what for a century had been known as the Concordat, a law or stipulation by which the French government was to maintain the Catholic clergy in consideration that appointments, especially in the higher priesthood, should be submitted to the government of France by the Pope for its approval. In pursuance of that law, the Catholic church established a system of education whose influence in favor of the church, its traditions and political influence, has been strongly felt for years throughout that country. In the repeal, however, of the law, France evidently yielded herself up to the demands of the socialists whose oppositions to church were radical and whose measures for the repeal of the Concordat were excessive. The extreme attitude of the French in the matter naturally had its own reaction among the people there, and has been quite generally criticised, even in countries where a strict division of Church and state is popular. The issue between the people and the government has centered on the character of the organization under whose control the French government proposed to place all of the property which had been virtually confiscated by the government. The minister of education and the government agents generally were quite willing that the property should go into the hands of a secular organization whose members were friendly to the church. The church would not yield the point, contending that church property must be subject to a church organization, and would not yield to the point of allowing its priests to organize under a secular law of the state, contending that as priests their allegiance to the church in the matter of church property must not be fettered or abridged by the secular powers of state. Forty thousand priests, through the repeal of the Concordat, will cease to receive the *traitements*, or salaries, which formerly came to them through the appropriations of the government. Among the property taken over by the state was a large amount of money which had been contributed through bequests and otherwise for the support of infirm and aged priests, and for the saying of masses for the dead. The \$12,000,000 contributed for these purposes, the government, no doubt, felt anxious to dispose of wholly in the interest of the church, as the French people would be most sensitive to any popular use to which the government might put such funds.

M. Briand therefore proposed to the Pope by way of compromise that this fund be transferred to certain committees which he defined. The proposition was liberal, and placed the funds practically in the control of the church, though under a secular organization. Many of the priests and clergy were in favor of the compromise, but the Pope, after months of deliberation, or at least time for deliberation, answered the French government in his recent communication, *non possumus*. Thus it appears that the church will not yield, and will not receive churches or funds, except they be placed wholly under the control of religious organizations over which the church, and not the state, shall have control. To make good the loss of the church appropriations, a general church tax or contribution has been established, by which all Catholics pay into the church dues known as God's penny, or *denier du culte*.—JOSEPH M. TANNER.

Susa A. Talmage.—It is our sad duty to record the death of Sister Susa A. Talmage. She passed to the great beyond at Provo, April 16, 1908. Sister Susa was born at Provo, February 11, 1879; she was the daughter of James J.



SUSA A. TALMAGE.

and Susanna P. Talmage, and the youngest sister of Dr. James E. Talmage. From her early youth she was a student and a teacher. Preeminently she was the children's friend, and particularly she was an interpreter of nature to the young.

After graduating from the Brigham Young University with the collegiate degree of Bachelor of Pedagogy, in 1903, she spent a year in the practical work of the teacher, and then matriculated in Columbia University, New York. During the summer vacation following her first year as a student at Columbia, she was called to bear

the great trial incident to the death of her beloved mother; from the burden of this bereavement she never recovered. With aching heart she returned to Columbia after the painful obsequies. A year later she came home and resumed her professional work in the Brigham Young University.

In addition to her school work she was ever ready and active in Church duties generally. In Sunday Schools, in Mutual Improvement Associations, and in ward affairs, our sister was always a willing and an able worker.

Susa Talmage was a writer of marked ability and of assured promise. Her particular gift was that of story-writing for boys. Her stories will live, and their lessons will bear fruit for good, though she has passed.

The following lines by a loving student are recorded as a well deserved tribute:

TO THE MEMORY OF MISS SUSA TALMAGE.

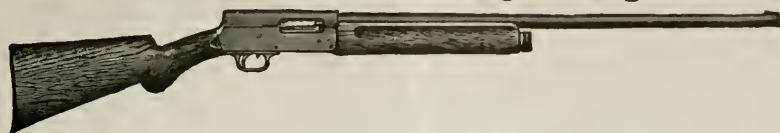
Sweet, lovely flower, blasted in thy bloom,
Why couldst not thou a little longer stay,
That we might learn to love thee more and more,—
Thy constancy inspire us day by day?

When we remember how thy life was spent,
In loving service unto all mankind,
We'll try to follow in thy simple way,
And God will not unto thy worth be blind.

Though here with us thou canst not longer be,
May thy sweet spirit linger ever near,
To guide us safely into virtue's paths,
And be a shining light while we are here.

—EINA HOLDAWAY.

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